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# The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare

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## HAMLET AND THE UR-HAMLET

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*(The Text of the Second Quarto of 1604, with a conjectural  
Text of the alleged Kyd Hamlet preceding it)*

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With an Introduction

BY

APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL.B. COLUMBIA

*President of The Shakespeare Society of New York, Author of  
"The Shakespearean Myth," "Some Shakespearean  
Commentators," "A Study in the Warwick-  
shire Dialect," Editor of the Bank-  
side Shakespeare, Etc., Etc.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

The purely objective student of the *textus receptus* of Shakespeare's *HAMLET* can desire little if anything more than Mr. Vining has presented in his prefatory matter to that play in the *Bankside Shakespeare* (Vol. XI.) Mr. Vining has presented there (1.) "The Saga of Amleth;" (2.) its first translation into French, "The Historie of Hamblett," (where, in a sort of phonetic habitude the aspirate is transposed from the end to the beginning of the hero's name) by Belleforest—and Mr. Vining adds (3.) Richard Grant White's succinct statement of the theory, which we have all up to this time been forced to adopt—namely, that the first Quarto was one of those "stolen and surreptitious" short-hand or memorized reports of the second Quarto version as it was pronounced by Shakespeare's actors from Shakespeare's stage (of which felony, under the pseudonym "John Heminge and Henry Condell," the Editors of the First Folio complain).

To complete the external sources, Mr. Vining has translated from the blackletter the curious old Plowden report of the leading case of *Hales v Petit*, of 1553, which Shakespeare in his fifth act travesties to carry the plot over into the situation required by the tremendous grave-yard scene—a scene such as no other dramatist ever attempted, and one that, in the workmanship of any other dramatist, would have been itself a travesty! And, when to all this Mr. Vining has added his own fine commentary on the other circumstantial items of material for the lines of the Play, there was and is little left for the present Editor to remark as to the tradgey as we have it to-day in our libraries and on our English stage.

The difficulties in the way of believing *prima facie* either that there was, or that there was not, an English play dealing with the Danish story of Hamlet prior to the appearance of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's Hamlet, would seem to be about equal. If there were, how could it so entirely have disappeared, when older contemporary productions reasonably survive? If there were not, how can we receive the phenomenon of great Shakespeare's greatest play—the greatest and splendidest of tragedies

—as a contemporary production with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*? Why does Meres record that Shakespeare—worthily, he notes, to be called the English Seneca—wrote these three, but make no mention of *Hamlet*, when Nash in the same year, speakes of a *Hamlet* written by an English Seneca who could be “read by candle-light”—a sort of euphuistic statement, meaning possibly that he was to be seen, not in a book, but on a stage in a house lighted with candles? and why do two other accredited authorities speak of a play called *Hamlet*, which had been played on a public stage prior to 1603? That is to say: Meres mentions a Shakespeare without a *Hamlet*, and Nash a *Hamlet* without a Shakespeare: although perhaps it was not quite as impossible then as now to separate master and masterpiece, or to pronounce the name of either without the other, when treating of English dramatic literature.

And again, upon examination of the literature concurrent with the stage career of the Play itself, we are startled by some very curious testimony. Lodge's *Wits Miserie* (1596-p. 56) contains this allusion: “And though this fiend be begotten of his father's own blood, yet is he different from his nature, and were he not sure that jealousie could not make him a cuckold, he had long since published him for a bastard; you shall know him by this, he is a foule lubber, his tongue tipt with lying, his heart steeled against charity; he walks for the most part in black under colour of gravity and looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre like an oister wife, *Hamlet* revenge.” (Dekkar's *Satiro—mastix*, 1602) “*Asina*. Wod I were hang'd, if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca. *Tuc* No, fye'st, my name's *Hamlet*, revenge: Thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not? *Hor*. Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide *Zulziman* there. (Westward Hoe, 1607,) “I but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*, and crie ‘revenge.’” (Dedication to Scoloker's *Daiphantis, or The Passion of love*, 1604) Like the never-too-well read *Arcadia*, where the prose and verse (matter and words) are like his mistresses' eyes, one still excelling another and without corrivall; or to come home to the vulgars element, like friendly Shake-speare's tragedies, where the commedian rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe: Faith it should please all, like prince *Hamlet*. But in sadness, then it were to be feared he would runne mad. In sooth I will not be moonesicke, to please; nor out of my wits though I displeased all.” In the body of this same work are the following verses:



His breath he thinkes the smoke; his tongue a cole,  
 Then calls for bottell ale to quench his thirst,  
 Runs to his Inke-pot, drinkes, then stops the hole,  
 And thus growes madder than he was at first.  
 Tasso he finds, by that of Hamlet, thinkes,  
 Tearmes him a mad-man; than of his inkhorne drinks,  
 Calls players fooles, the foole he judgeth wisest,  
 Will learne them action, out of Chaucer's Pander;  
 Proves of their poets hawdes even in the highest,  
 Then drinkes a health, and swears it is no slander.  
 Puts off his cloathes; his shirt he onely wears,  
 Much like mad-Hamlet; thus as passion teares.

(Arnim's "A nest of Ninnies," 1608) "His father's Empire and Government was but as the Poetical Furie in a Stage-action, compleat, yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any Hamlet; and that now Reuenge, iust Reuenge, was coming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister, to fill vp those Murdering Sceanes." (Sir Thomas Smithes Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia, 1605.) "Sometimes would he overtake him and lay hands upon him like a catch-pole, as if he had arrested him, but furious Hamlet would presently eyther breake loose like a beare from the stake, or else so set his pawes on this dog that thus bayted him that, with tugging and tearing one anothers frockes off, they both looked like mad Tom of Bedlam." (Decker's Dead Terme, 1608.) "If any passenger come by and, wondring to see such a conjuring circle kept by hel-houndes, demaund what spirits they raise there, one of the murderers steps to him, poysons him with sweete wordes and shifts him off with this lye, that one of the women is falne in labour; but if any mad Hamlet, hearing this, smell villanie and rush in by violence to see what the tawny diuels are doing, then they excuse the fact, lay the blame on those that are the actors, and perhaps, if they see no remedie, deliver them to an officer to be had to punichment." (Decker's Lanthorne and Candle-light or the Bell-man's second Nights-Walke, 1609.) "A chamberlaine is as nimble as Hamlet's ghost, heere and everywhere, and when he has many guests, stands most upon his pantofles, for hee's then a man of some calling." In Rowland's Night Raven, 1620, a scrivener, who has his cloak and hat stolen from him, exclaims: "I will not cry, 'Hamlet, revenge my greeves.'"

(Eastward Ho, 1605.) "Sfoote, Hamlet, are you madde? Whether run you nowe? You should brushe up my olde mistresse." And in Clarke's *Paroemiologia Angelo Latina, or Proverbs in English and Latin*, 1639, is the curious expression "a trout, Hamlet with four legs," (which might perhaps suggest "very like a whale.")

Herein surely are described some other Hamlet than the one we possess in the Second (or even the First) Quarto—in the First Folio, and in the thousands of editions following them even unto this day! For neither in the First nor the Second Quarto versions of the Play does Prince Hamlet run about crying "revenge" nor tear off other people's frocks, nor smell villainy, nor rush hither and yon to see what the tawny devils are doing, or anything of the like tumultuous performance. The student is, therefore, forced to assume some sort of an evolution of the Play which had considerably advanced when Shakespeare found it, and of which he used as little as possible in his own splendid Drama—how little I am sure the conjectural text here presented will suggest, even if the criticism upon this attempt to suggest it does not deserve—as this Editor is eager to confess that it does not—any attention at all as an imitation of the language in which Kyd (or whoever it was who might have written this *Ur Hamlet*, as German scholars have taught us to conveniently call the earliest Hamlet), would have clothed his lines; (though, even in the colloquial diction which is all that is here attempted, it compares passably with the diction of "The Famous Victories," apparently staged in about the required dates). The conventional story of the seduction by a Prince of the blood of one of his Queen-mother's maids of honour and of her madness on being discarded by her seducer, who heartlessly tells her to become the inmate of a bagnio—the slang name for which was "a nunnery"—is apparently all the concession to a "contemporaneous human interest" that the English playwright made to lighten the main action of a Prince feigning insanity to avenge the murder of a King, his father, by his brother; who by marrying the widow of the murdered King becomes King consort and intrigues to be accepted, and finally is accepted as King *de facto* and *de jure*—"popped in between th' election and my hopes"—that is, except a localism or two to be noted later.

Thirty years ago, in my "Shakespearean Myth," I suggested that a good many problems in Shakespeare study might clarify if we came to understand that Shakespeare, as we possess him to-day, was not the same

as played in those Elizabethan and Jacobean theatres, so awfully described by Northcote, Stubbes and all the other stage historians; that the two hours traffic of our stage alone would have practically precluded even the most rapid reading of any of the great plays, even with omission of the hundreds of lines discarded in the Second Quarto; notably the play we are now considering. I then suggested that it was the ACTION only of these dramatic pieces that was then and there preformed. Why, I then asked (First Edition, page 272), should a thrifty manager have ransacked Greek and Latin and Italian literature, the Romantics and the Sagas, or the cloisters of England, or the black letter law reports of sixty years before for travesty of the forgotten case of *Hales v. Petitt*, to elaborate by excursus after excursus lines to present to audiences that wanted only dumb-show and noise and the tumbles of a clown for their ha'pennies? And if I stated then, I wish to restate it now with the added emphasis of thirty years—that I not only do not believe myself—but do not believe that any entirely sane person actually believes, that boy actors spouted the lines now assigned to Ophelia, Juliet, Portia, Imogen, or to any of those great women parts, as we have them in our libraries and on our stage to-day! I am willing to believe that English boys of three hundred years ago were immensely the intellectual superiors of our twentieth century youth—but even then I do not believe it. The object, therefore, of the present Edition is to somehow account for what dumb show and noise or passion torn to tatters came under the name of “Hamlet” upon the London stage, say at Paris Gardens alternately, or perhaps simultaneously with the bearbaitings at those elegant establishments. Has a single commentator in all these centuries told us how the Shakespeare plays, as read in the First Folio, could have been staged at all and escape the Lord Chamberlin and the Censors of a Queen, who, on her accession to the throne commanded that no plays should be performed “in which matters of religion or of the State” were “handled or treated” and who allowed no relaxation of that policy to the end of her reign? Thomas Kyd being a son of a scrivener HAD been born, so to speak, “to the trade of Noverint” (i. e. the engrossing of conveyances beginning *Nosce omnes homines cum sui praesentes*) and had “left that trade” to be a playwright. His “Spanish Tragedy, or the Pitiful Death of old Hieronimo” had an inner play, whose action was the pantomime of a murder in a garden preformed to assist in ferreting out the murderer suspected to be amongst the spectators. But to most

criticism, the use of the inner play in one Stage piece would preclude its identical use in another by the same playmaker. But then how about Nashe's "whole Hamlets"? Guessing is simplicity itself. Why not a guess that the similar use of the inner play in *Hamlet* suggested Shakespeare; and that the pun on "Hamlet" and "handfuls" a covert, transparent apology for alluding to so important a man as Shakespeare?

The solitary morsel of evidence upon which all this hypothesis hangs is the single entry in Henslowe's *Diary* as edited by Collier (and most unfortunately the name of the Editor diminishes its authority) to wit:

9 of June 1594 Rd at hamlet. . . . . viij s

this entry being in a column headed "In the name of God Amen beginninge at Newington my Lord Admiralle and my Lorde Chamberlen men as followeth 1594."

And if, in this Edition, we are enabled to speculate and to arrive at a concept of what this primitive or Ur-Hamlet actually was, by way of a considerably earlier Germany than the Germany whose scholars have sent us so much splendid commentary upon Shakespeare's Masterpiece, it will be yet one more obligation of English speaking students of *Hamlet* to German sources.

We find that it was the custom of London players, during the summer months or when at any other times the theatres were closed for sanitary reasons or by the authorities under Puritan influence, to proceed to the Low countries which was the easiest way to reach the Continent. Then the route they actually took was to embark at Hull and to sail to the Danish port Elsinore, the Helsingør of to-day. This voyage would consume one week. The Company would then get permission from the authorities that were, to give performances to pay their passage money and then would proceed to such places as they desired to visit on foot or horseback and then by land they would pass into Germany, and so on, until their vacations ended and, the London theatres open again, they would retrace their steps. Thus is accounted sufficiently the mention of Elsinore in *Hamlet*. Here at Elsinore is a famous castle named Kronborg, a fortress built in 1552 to command the Kattegat. When, as it was often, occupied by the Danish Court in summer, the adjoining town of Elsinore was naturally the nearest and an altogether ideal place for these English actors to set up their stage. There was recently discovered in the

Royal Archives at Copenhagen, the "Monnetz Besoldung ug Kostspendinge," (monthly payroll and board account) of the town of Elsinore for January 22nd, 1585, to January 22nd, 1587. In this is an entry in the year 1585 of a disbursement of four skilling to repair a board fence between the premises of Lauritz, the town clerk and the yard of the Town Hall, "which the people broke down at the time the English played in the Yard." And again, in 1586, is an entry of which Mr. Jacob A Riis sends me this translation :

XXXVI daler Wilhemj Kempe, instrumentalist, got two month's board for himself and a boy named Daniel Jones. He had earned pay from June 17th, when he took service. In addition, a month's pay was given him as a parting gift. In all three months at twelve daler (dollars) a month.

Thomas Stephens	These five instrumentalists and mummers entered
George Bryan	the service on June 17th and from that time
Thomas King	to the end of this, the eighth month—which
Thomas Pope	is the 18th of September, making three months
Robert Percy	and three months at six daler each per month,
	the amount of 8 1-2 dalers 3 skilling each; together
	92 daler 15 skilling for which Thomas Stephens has given his receipt."

Wilhemj Kempe is William Kempe. George Bryan and Thomas Pope are named in the First Folio in the "List of the Names of the Principal Actors in all these Plays." So the question why Hamlet-Amleth, who was of Jutland, was removed to Elsinore, seems answered; and these actors seem to have pretty accurately described the fortress of Kronborg to Shakespeare (who never seems to have travelled abroad with his company), for views given in a series of twelve photographs of that castle, reproduced in New Shakespeareana (Vol. III, page 89), appear to correspond with astonishing accuracy to scenes in Shakespeare's Play. That Shakespeare never went to the Continent on these professional tours so far appears probable. Mr. Alexander Cargill of Edinburgh sends to New Shakespeareana (Vol. V, page 25) a valuable communication reciting extracts from the town records of Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Perth, recording visits of English actors and others connected with theatrical matters, some of whom were presented with the Freedom of those towns. But nowhere can the name of William Shakespeare be found. Further records may at any time be discovered, since the triumphs of Professor Charles W. Wallace and Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte,

within a single year, in unearthing Shakespeare entries, warn us not to regard anything as impossible. But so far as the researches of these, and the like, fastidious scholars have gone, William Shakespeare himself spent his vacations in England, though, like Hamlet, himself, he may have enquired of his players. How comes it that you travel?

When, therefore, we trace in the Play before us all this Danish reference and Danish chronicle, some light does darkly break upon some of the methods by which Shakespeare's plays contained their versimilitude to such manifold detail and of contemporary Europe. Let us pause here to note some further Danish material in Hamlet.

Saxo places the scene of his Saga of Amleth in Jutland: Belleforest, translating it into his Hystorie of Hamblett, says that the Danes "all with one consent proclaimed Hamblett king of Jutie and Chersonnesse, at this present the proper country of Denmarke." But the local color portrayed by his actors induced Shakespeare, it seems, to select Elsinore. For to Shakespeare's idea of *vraisemblance*, Prince Hamlet must be at a Danish Court, and there was no Danish Court in Jutland. No detail escapes him. Even the selection of Wittemberg for Hamlet's university tuition, is exact. Wittemberg was a Lutheran univeristy and the Danish Court was Lutheran. Even the "custom more honored in the breach than in the observance" can be accounted for. In a notebook kept by "Master William Segar, Garter King at Arms," who journeyed to Denmark in 1603 (the date of the First Quarto), is the entry of June 14th: "This afternoon the King (of Denmark) went aboard the English ship which was lying off Elsinore, and had a blanket prepared for him upon the upper decks which were hung with awning of cloathes of Tissue, every health reported sixe, eight or ten ordinance, so that during the King's abode the ship discharged 160 shot. . . . It were superfluos to tell you of all the superfluties that were vsed, and it would make a man sick to heare of the drunken healths. Vse has brought it into fashion, and fashion made it a habit which ill beseems out nation to imitate." And similarly, Rosecranz (Rosencraft in the First Quarto) and Gildensterne (Gilderstone (Id) and otherwise in further quartos, Guyldensterne is the Danish Gyldenstierne—just as in lax transcription—which is of small assistance, or hindrance either in tracing our sources—Geruthe of the Saga becomes Gertrude in the first, and Gertrad in the second, Quarto. Mr. Stevens, in his edition of 1793—was the first we found to have suggested that Rosencrantz was a real personage. He calls him "an ambassador." But

it seems that both Rosencrantz and the Guildensterne were actual persons living at the date to which we must now hark back the story of Hamlet, as portrayed in the *Ur-Hamlet*, at least.

On page 191 of *Shakespeareana* Volume VIII (—at that date under editorial conduct of The New York Shakespeare Society, there was quoted a communication from the late Dr. Leo, President of the German Shakespeare Gesellschaft announcing to that Society his discovery, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, of a memoranda kept in the year 1577, by the Duke Frederick I of Wittenberg of the names of persons he met on his travels in the North in that year. One of the entries was this:

1577 In utraque fortuna ipsius fortuna esto memor Jorgen Rosencrantz.

1577 Feredum et sperandum P Guildenstern.

Haufniae [Copenhagen] sthen Builde tull Wandass.

Dr. Lee also records that a correspondent, Dr. Balti, writes him that the Guildensternes of Denmark became extinct in Denmark in 1729 until which date they had flourished there since the year 1300, and that he had seen a copy of a funeral sermon preached, prior to the year 1600, over the remains of "Rosencrantz and Guildensterne," two courtiers or attendants at the Danish throne. To this discovery of Dr. Leo's must now be added Mr. Percy Simpson's discovery of a volume entitled "*Tychonis Brahe Daniepis-tolarvm Astronomicarvm libri Quorvm Primus his illvstris laydatis Principis Gvlielmi Hassiae Landtgravii ac ipsius Mathematici Literas vnaq Responsa ad singulas complectiur. Noribergæ Apud Levinum Hulsium, Cum Cæsaris et Regvm Qvovndam privilegiis. Anno M DCI.*" On the verso of the title page of this book is a half-length portrait of Tycho Brahe bordered by a panel containing the coat of Arms of sixteen noblemen with the names of the owner of the shields under each. Under the coats of one of these shield escutcheons is the name "Rosencrans," and under another of them the name "Gvldestere" omitting the N. This work bears the imprint, 1601. And in another volume "*Astronomiæ Instauratiæ Mechanica, Noribergæ apud Levinvm Hvlsivm 1602,*" also by Tycho Brahe, this same portrait is again used as a frontispiece. The juxtaposition of these two names, the dates of the two publications—the latter the year before the date of the first quarto Hamlet, and the fact that the works of the great astronomer were of international interest and importance, may well justify us in including one or the other of these books in the list of those with which so omniverous a reader as Shake-

speare might not improbably have been more or less familiar. The design was, it seems, re-engraved for Peter Gassend's "Tychonis Brahei Vita (Paris 1654) and in this engraving the spelling adopted is Gvuldensteren. In announcing this interesting discovery in "The Athenaeum" Mr. Simpson continues: "It appears that this Guildensterne was commissioned to procure some elks ("Elendsthier," "Alce cicurata," in the German and Latin texts) for the Landgrave of Hesse. Brahe writes to the Landgrave on September 26th, 1591, that he cannot procure any in Denmark, gut "hab ich hinauff in Norwegen an Koniglicher Maiestat allda stadhalter | den Edlen vnd Wolgebornen Exel Guldenstern | welcher mein gar nahe Verwandter vnd sehr guter Freud ist| fleissig geschrieben vnd angelangt | dass er mir auffs wenigst ein par derselbigen Thier | die da jung weren | mit erster gelegenheit herab schicken wolte | dan dero in seinem Lehen vnd Gebiete etliche verhanden seyndt" (p. 214). The animals were sent, but they died and the Landgrave wrote for more in 1592. Brahe replied on September 20th that he had just received letters "Consanguinei mei Nobilissimi viri Axilli Gvldenstern Regij n Norugeia Vicarij," complaining of difficulties in executing the commission: Guildenstern had got the elks, but could not find a trustworthy captain to ship them over. Finally two were sent, procured, says Brahe (p. 306), by "meinem Bultsverwanter Axel Gvldensterne." Rosencrantz is mentioned once in the letters, as associated with John Dee, the English astrologer. Christopher Rothmann, Court Astronomer to the Landgrave, writes to Brahe on August 22nd, 1589:—"Literas illas, quas ad Geellium Sasceriden schipseras, nuper tradidi Praceptori Nobiliss. Rosencrantzii, ui me et ex te et ex Nobiliss. D Ioanne. Dee., amico meo singulari, perquam humaniter salutabat" (p. 153.) Holger Rosencrantz was born on December 14th, 1574, and died on October 28, 1642; he was connected by marriage with Brahe, and he prefixed a copy of laudatory Latin verse to the 'Mechanica' when it was first published in 1597. His correspondence with Brahe from 1596 to 1601 has been edited by F. R. Friis (Copenhagen, Trulsen, 1896). A brief life of him is given in Tycho de Hofman's 'Portraits Historques des Hommes Illustres de Dannemark,' part iv. pp. 9-10 (Copenhagen, 1746), and the interesting statement is made that he accompanied the Danish ambassador Christian Friis de Borreby on his official visit to England to be present at the coronation of James I. It is perhaps worth adding that a "Magnus Gildenstern" came to England in the train of Christian IV. in 1606 (Nichol's 'Progresses of James I.,' i. 606). After



the accession of James, with the close ties then connecting the Courts of England and Denmark, any license in the use of contemporary Danish names would be inconceivable, especially when a member of a distinguished family had paid an official visit to this country. But under Elizabeth the relations were not so intimate, and personal names would be known more vaguely: a literary source such as the *'Epistolæ,'* the work of a distinguished Dane, would be precisely the one on which a playwright might be expected to draw. Moreover, the stage history of *'Hamlet'* fits in with the date 1601 admirably, and even indicates a conceivable channel by which the names reached Shakespeare. The First Quarto of *'Hamlet'* stated on the title-page that the play had been performed in "the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." Mr. Fleay, commenting on this indication that the company had travelled, has pointed out that the only year in which they are known to have been absent from London is 1601, and that this must be the date of Shakespeare's work upon the quarto. The company visited Scotland in that year. Did Shakespeare go with them? Did they perform at the Court of King James? When James was in Denmark in 1590, he visited Tycho Brahe at Uranienburg; Brahe mentions his recognizing the likeness of Buchanan on a globe in the Museum (*'Epistolæ Astronomicæ,'* p. 238). James would be a likely person to receive a presentation copy, or at least to hear of the book and procure it for himself."

But, apart from all conjecture, it is very important to note that Mr. Simpson's discovery agrees with other evidence in determining a date for the original composition of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

So the body of Shakespearean history is daily augmenting; and the statement of fifty years ago that we know next to nothing of him—is already impossible!

And that these English actors passed from Holland over into Germany there is also plenty of testimony. There is a letter dated 1586, now in Dulwich College, written by an actor named Jones to Edward Alleyn, in which pleading great poverty, he solicits aid to "go over the seas with Mr. Brown and his company." And a German passport exists which shows that in 1591 this Jones played with Brown's company in Germany, Holland and Friesland, "tragedies, comedies, and histories." Richard Jones was one of the Earl of Worcester's players in 1586, when Alleyn was a member of that company, and these players may, too, have passed into Germany, per-

haps seen the plays of Hans Sachs and Ayrrer, for the last named's play of *Sidea* and *Engelbrecht* and the former's play of *King Lear* strongly support the conjecture, their plot, characters, and general treatment closely resembling those of Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *King Lear*. In 1586 there were performing before the Saxon Court five English players who had previously been playing in Denmark. They performed, in English, and appeared both in Dresden and Berlin. "At the entertainment of the Cardinal Alphonsus and the Infant of Spaine in the Low-countrys, they were presented at Antwerp with sundry pageants and plays—the King of Denmarke, father to him that now reigneth, entertained in his service a company of English commedians commended unto him by the honourable the Earle of Leicester—the Duke of Brunswicke, and the Landgrave of Hesson retaine in their courts certaine of ours of the same quailty." Heywood, "*Apologie for Actors, 1612*" (Ed. Shakespeare Society—p. 40). Frederick II, who died in 1588. Five of these actors left King Frederick's court in 1586, and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony. Of these five, two: Thomas Pope and George Bryan, just mentioned as having been in Elsinore, returned to England and joined Shakespeare's company, as appears by the list of "The names of the Principall Actors in All These Plays" prefixed to the First Folio.

The plays they presented were delivered in English—the *Merchant of Venice*, for example, was so presented at Halle in 1611, during Shakespeare's lifetime, and in 1626, we have records of similar performances of *Romeo and Julietta*, *Julio Cesare*, *Lear*, *King in England*, and *Hamlet a Prizen Dennemarck*. The late Albert Cohn, in his "*Shakespeare in Germany*," who is the unimpeachable authority for these statements, adds that in Rochell's "*Chronicle of the City of Munster*" it is stated that on November 26th, 1599, "eleven Englishmen, all young and lovely fellows, except one, a rather elderly man, who managed everything . . . acted for five successive days in the Town Hall, five different comedies in their English language.

" . . . They had with them various instruments on which they played, such as lutes, zithers, fiddles, pipes and the like—they danced many new and strange dances, not common here in this country at the beginning and end of their comedies. They had with them a clown who before each act, when they had to change their costume, spoke much nonsense in German, and played many pranks to make the people laugh.

They were licensed by the Town Council for six days only, after which they had to leave. During these six days, they got a great deal of money from those who wished to see them, and hear them. For every one had to give them a shilling at their departure."

All this is important. But it would not help us materially in our search for our missing Ur-Hamlet were it not that Mr. Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany" (Berlin: Asher & Co., 1865), gave also English translations of several German plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the action of which was that of certain of the Plays known as Shakespeare's, and the lines of which emphasized a certainty that such action was accompanied by lines of identical tenor with the text of Shakespeare himself. Among these plays was one entitled DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD ODER HAMLET IENS DENMARK. It is dressed with a Prologue between Night, a goddess, and her attendants, whom she summons to spread her dark mantle over deeds of shame to be performed by mortals, and one of these deeds of shame is exactly the murder of a Danish King "Hamlet" and the subsequent action is the story of the Hamlet of the *Historye of Hamblett* and of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's Hamlet! This Prologue, added in Germany and of a statelier diction than the play itself, need not detain us here at all. The conclusion, it seems to this Editor, is, since this play was performed by English actors in Germany earlier than the appearance in England of the First Quarto; and since its text calls for a Prince Hamlet, who shall deport himself quite as the citations from Lodge and others above given require, that here at last we find a vestige of the very Ur-Hamlet we are searching for; and that, if we retranslate this BRUDERMORD back into English we will arrive at a very fair conception indeed of what that required Ur-Hamlet was like. Perhaps, indeed, it may compel us either to reject Mr. White's theory that the First Quarto Shakespeare Hamlet was a stolen version of the Second Quarto version, or else to accept that First Quarto as being an arbitrary rendition following this very Ur-Hamlet, renaming sundry characters and not preceding the First Quarto at all (which would be so very violent a theory and run itself amuck against so many incidental items of evidence, that it must be rejected.) Did I not hesitate to add even one more to the already bewildering mass of Hamlet conjectures, I might guess that that surreptitious stenographer took down only as much of the lines as his ear could seize upon, and supplied all the rest at his leisure—getting for example,

the name of Corambis from his memory of the Ur-Hamlet. For, Corambis is the name of the Prime Minister in the First Quarto; it is Corambis in the BRUDERMORD but if the First Quarto was a stenographic report of the second it would naturally have been Polonius as the name is in the Second Quarto. Dr. Isaac Hull Platt (*New Shakespeareana* III, 83), has interested himself to find a reason for this change—as startling as the reason for changing Old Castle to Falstaff. Says Dr. Platt:

“It has often been suggested that in the character of Polonius Lord Burghley is satirised. Polonius’s precepts to Laertes are a paraphrase of Burghley’s precepts to his son Robert when the latter was about to set out on his travels. This was noted by French in *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, quoted in Dr. Furness’s *Variorum Hamlet*, Vol. II. p. 239. But why did Hamlet call him a “fishmonger?” The name Polonius may very well be derived from *πωλέω* to go about, to busy one’s self, or from *πολεω* to sell, to hawk, trade, and this might account for the latter part of the word, but why a “fishmonger”? If Polonius was meant by Shakespeare as a lampoon on Burghley the answer is rather clear. “To make up for the loss to the shipping which the downfall of Catholicism had caused by diminishing the demand for fish, he (Burghley) obtained the passing of a curious law which made the eating of flesh on Friday and Saturday, and on Wednesday unless fish dishes were also placed on the table, a misdemeanor.” (*Encycl. Brit. Art. Cecil.*) When the law was new and fresh in the minds of the people the topical allusion could hardly fail to appear very pointed and amusing to every one but the Lord Treasurer. In the early version of the play Polonius was called Corambis. Why was the change made? Webster’s Dictionary says that Cecil is from the Latin meaning dim-sighted. Corambis might be derived from *coram*, face to face, from *cora*, the pupil of the eye, and *bis*, double, so Corambis would be equivalent to “Mr. Seeing Double.” Perhaps a better derivation would be from *coramble*, which seems sometimes to have assumed the form *corymbe*, gen. *corymbis*, the name of an herb supposed to cause dimness of vision. In either case it would seem like a play on Burghley’s family name. This being so, it would seem likely that after Burghley’s death in 1598, somebody deemed it best to change the name to prevent the satire appearing too obvious. Again: It is well known that Burghley was not above using spies, of whom he employed many; it would be interesting to ascertain whether some servant or agent of his

was named Hill or Mount or something similar. This would account for Reynaldo, Polonius's servant, whom he sets as a spy on Laertes, being called Montano in the early version. I note, however, that Judge Holmes (Authorship of Shakespeare. Revised Edition II. 626) says that Cicero, once when railing at the indolence and so on of the Roman Senators, calls them "fishmongers!"

As the nearest to what Ur-Hamlet was (and I really cannot see any reason for calling it Kyd's, save the above noted resemblance of the plot to the plot of one of Kyd's plays, which to me seems rather a reason were one needed, against his authorship), we here, therefore, antiphonate a retranslation of *DER BRUDERMORD* over against the text of the Second Quarto Hamlet, and timidly offer the result to Shakespearean Higher Criticism.

I may permit myself to add, perhaps, to Mr. Vining's *Bankside Hamlet*, a few items wherein our Ur-Hamlet (to which Mr. Vining gives equivalent attention) possessed a technical merit even preferable to the Shakespeare Hamlet itself. To wit:

In our Hamlet we have this explanation of Hamlet's status at the Danish Court—a much better one than the Prince's statement to Rosenkrantz and Guildensterne that he "lacked advancement."

"Alas, Horatio! I know not how it is that since my father's death I am always so sick at heart; while my royal mother has already forgotten him, and the King still sooner; for while I was in Germany he had himself crowned with all haste in Denmark. But to assume some sort of show of title he has made over to me the Crown of Norway, and appealed to the will of the States." Neither by English nor Danish law was the marriage of Claudius with Queen Gertrude "incestuous" as Prince Hamlet was fond of calling it. But if the new King could persuade the people to declare his succession, not as King *jure uxoris*, but as King in his own right, then Prince Hamlet would indeed be ousted in case of a son being born to Claudius by the Queen Gertrude. The usurpation during Hamlet's stay at Wittenberg consisted in the fact that, on the death of the elder Hamlet, his son, (the Prince Hamlet of the Play,) would have become King. In other words, the Ur-Hamlet raises almost the very question, which Bacon in his *History of Henry the Seventh* states as being debated at the accession of that first Tudor monarch after his hasty crowning on Bosworth Field: "But the King . . . resolved to rest upon the title of Lancaster as the main, and to use the other

two, that of marriage, and that of battle, but as supporters, the one to appease secret discontents, and the other to beat down murmur and dispute," etc.

Again, the Ur-Hamlet assists to the item always most lacking in these matters—a date! And it does in this instance as usual by a localism. In the Bankside Introduction to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* I pointed out how (although the majority of commentators treated the First Quarto of *The Merry Wives* precisely as they did the First Quarto of *Hamlet*—namely, as a surreptitious and stolen report of a better version) an actual examination of the better version showed that the accretions were largely allusions to our accounts of things which happened after the date of the First Quarto—running along at intervals of one, two and three years, and even at longer ones, until many of them were of no importance, and had entirely lost their significance by lapse of time—and which, therefore, could not have been inserted at once; that is to say, that the play grew in the mouths of the actors by precisely what we to-day call “localisms” and “gags.” And here, too, it seems to me, is a curious proof that these English actors in Germany in playing *Hamlet*, used a certain “gag” or hit at a matter of London talk in or about 1589. It had passed its interest, (and that not a comic one,) and so was also discontinued in the Shakespeare Quartos. But it seems to have been interpolated into the Ur-Hamlet of London. And being accustomed to it, the English actor seems to have used it. The German transcriber took it down, just as it was, as if it were a part of the play, (an allusion to Portugal in Denmark was quite as natural as an allusion to England). But it stamps, to my thinking, not only the English origin of the *Brudermord* “*Fratricide Punished*; or, *Prinz Hamlet of Dennemarck*,” but proves that the custom of “gagging” or “localizing” a play, from time to time, was a custom of Shakespeare’s day quite as constantly as in our own. This is the incident: In *Fratricide Punished*, Act III, scene X., occurs the dialogue:

King.—We have resolved to send you to England . . .

Hamlet.—Ay, Ay, King send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again. That’s the better plan.

The interpolation was evidently an allusion to what at about that time was a matter of public indignation, viz: Essex’s disastrous expedition to Portugal in 1589, in which, out of the eleven hundred officers and twenty-

one hundred common soldiers who started with him, three hundred and fifty officers and eleven hundred soldiers never lived to come back. The localism certainly had no meaning in Germany and had nothing to do with the play in Germany. But it helps us to a date for the *Ur-Hamlet*, which, when ascertained, corroborates the one called for by the quotations presented above.

Again our *Ur-Hamlet* italicises, once more, the ever present realization of how little Shakespeare took and how much he added to what we all still call "the sources of the Plays." All the philosophy, the reasoning, the intercommuning upon life and death; all that we think of as connected with Hamlet for example among characters in fiction are unsuggested until now. To lighten the lurid story by the travesty of the even then forgotten dialectics of the counsel in *Hales v. Petit*, where Lady Hales bases her hopes of defeating an escheat upon a casuistic differences between the act of a man throwing himself into a water-course (an act which was not a felony) and the water in said water-course drowning the man (who nor his representatives could be held responsible for what that water did) giving the Court opportunity to enunciate that principle of Relation which has ever since enriched the common law! All this enrichment of plot and circumstance was Shakespeare's own! I leave it to the dramaturgists to expatiate upon what seems to me the most intensely dramatic contretemps in all *Histrionics*. Namely: the first appearance of the Ghost. A lay figure, Bernardo, is asked to narrate in detail its appearance, and he begins a circumstantial monologue, which promises to be a tedious interruption of the tense situation: "Last night of all when that same star that's westward from the pole," etc. But the narration is broken off and obviated by the appearance a l'instant of the Ghost himself! An obvious betterment from the Ghost's first entry in the *Ur-Hamlet*, where he hits the sentinel a box on his ears from behind!

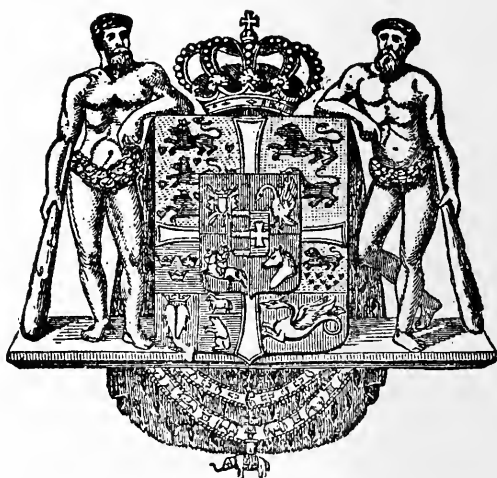
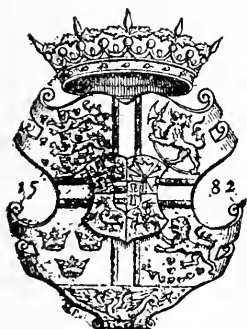
All the Prince Hamlets, the Saxo, the Belleforest, and the *Ur-Hamlet*, simulate madness. But Shakespeare, as if foreseeing that in modern days a cloud of commentators would arise to speculate as to whether Shakespeare's Hamlet alone was really mad, gives in the Prince's own lines, unmistakable evidence of his princely sanity, not only making him warn his attendants that he might see fit to put an antic disposition on, but joking with them as to his own state of *compos mentis*. He is only mad north-north-west, etc. And if there ever were an item in the play to

suggest lunacy it would seem to fade before the Prince's merry inquiry of Horatio whether his success with the inner-play would not justify his acquiring a share in the Company of Players and wearing a forest of feathers! breaking out with a taste of his quality for impromptu:

“For thou dost know, O Damon dear  
This realm dismantled was  
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here  
A very very—CLAUDIUS!

for Horatio says: “You might have rhymed,” and surely CLAUDIUS is a better and more proper rhyme than Pajock! And if anyone is permitted to suggest a new reading in Shakespeare I respectfully, with submission to the Court, suggest this one.

Again; in the Ur-Hamlet the Prince gets rid of the attendants who answer Rosencrantz and Guildensterne by offering to allow them two chances of putting himself to death by firing at him from opposite sides, he himself giving the word. They fire. He stoops and each shoots the other dead. Shakespeare does it more deftly, for Rosencrantz and Guildensterne might



not have so readily been captured by a transparent ruse. He had his father's signet in his purse, which was the model of the Danish seal. And the



Danish Consul at New York City enables me to add this one more evidence of Shakespeare's constant accuracy, even in the most minute matters of fact. It appears that from the date of King Waldemar, surnamed "The Victor," until very recent years, no special Danish coat of arms existed; each King using his own personal coat of arms, which thereby became the official coat of arms during the King's reign. How this has been modified into the present national Danish coat of arms our second cut displays. But as King Claudius was *jure uxoris*, the use of Prince Hamlet's father's signet was sufficient warrant for the English King to do execution upon the unfortunate courtiers. And I think nobody will deny that a "Union" dropped in Rhenish was a more fitting Queenly carouse to Prince Hamlet's fortune with the foils than "an Eastern diamond powdered fine and dissolved in a cup of warm beer" which the Ur-Hamlet calls for!

Thus loving and faithful students of the text are daily adding items of corroboration to and verification of Shakespeare detail. Signally has Judge Phelps unearthed the origin of the name Falstaff and Mr. Henry Pemberton, Jr., of Philadelphia, been successful in identifying John Haywood as Yorick (*New Shakespeareana*, Vol. V., page 82), and Biron as Lamond—"The Gentleman of Normandy who was the Brooch and Gem of all the Nation." (*Id.* VI, 63) and by a remarkable casting of computation has demonstrated that the "stars with trains of fire and dews of blood" and "the moist star sick almost to doomsday with eclipse" were references to ascertainable and certain phenomena, to wit: meteoric showers of the required dates. (*Id.* VII, 1.) Sir Edward Sullivan, too, was fortunate enough to purchase at a London book auction a black-letter quarto of "The Civile Conversation of M. Steeven Gazzio, written first in Italian and now translated out of French by George Pettie, etc. Imprinted at London by Richard Watkins 1581. In this work are such startling paraphrases of speeches in Hamlet, Macbeth—measure for measure, and Loves Labours Lost as, were dates acquiescent, could only mean that Gazzio had copied Shakespeare. (These parallelisms are given in extenso in *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA* III, p. 74)—and Professor E. A. Sonhenschein has discovered in Seneca's *De Clementia* (*Id.* IV, 131,) the exact sentiments as to mercy, that Portia pronounces expressed in the exact syntax which Portia uses. Discoveries like these are certainly more valuable than that eternal rearrangement of stereotype details bequeathed to us by Rowe and Malone, which passes among too many of us for "ripe Shakespearean scholarship," (though

German Universities, I am assured, do not forbid their professors to keep abreast of any proffered or possible channels of either internal or external Shakespeare exploration).

// I am fully aware of two objections to the present volume. First, that the conjectural text of the Ur-Hamlet given here, is not in sixteenth century diction at all. But to have counterfeited such sixteenth century phrasing, had I been equal to it—would by its flavor of tour de force have defeated the impression I seek to emphasize—namely, that only the action of the Play could have been presented on London boards, say at Paris Gardens, where Dekkar records having seen it, or at Newington Butts, where, (as we learn from the invaluable Henslowe's Diary which I hope will prove not to have been tampered with), a play called "Hamlet" was acted by "My Lord Admirall and my Ld. Chamberlain's men. June 1594." For my purpose the running version of DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD seems to answer well enough. The second objection is, of course, that this volume has no warrant to place in The Bankside Restoration Series at all. This is true, and most palpably true. I can only plead the convenience of The New York Shakespeare Society, which after promising for so many years a FOUR TEXT Hamlet, has been obliged to present the four texts in two volumes instead of in one: the texts of the First Quarto and the First Folio being now paralleled in Volume XI of The Bankside Shakespeare and those of the Ur-Hamlet and of the Second Folio herein. As it is expected that each respective set of The Bankside Shakespeare and The Bankside Restoration Series will ultimately be reduced to a single possession, the inconsistency may not always be so apparent; and my own workmanship in this parallelization may be pardoned me.

Had we been able to present in this volume a parallelization of the Second Quarto with the First Folio, evidences of what seem to have been a later revision for stage-purposes of this Play would have been apparent to mystify us still more in any attempt to supply its stage History. For instances to avoid bringing in Fontinbeas and his army—even if represented by "four or five most ragged foils—to interrupt the action of an already tremendous Play—Hamlet's entire fourth soliloquy about "the little patch of ground not worth five ducats" is ruthlessly cut out in the first Folio. All the dialogue between Bernardo comparing the ghost's appearance to the sheeted dead that erst did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets, (which omission by the utmost latitude of conjecture has been assigned to an accommodation of this

play with an assumed run of Julius Caesar, either just before, or just after a run of Hamlet): four lines, concerning "that monster custom" spoken by Hamlet in his mother's chamber, and that most comfortable soliloquy of Prince Hamlet's in which he proposes to hoist the engiaer with his own petar, and by delving one yard below his enemies' mines to blow them at the moon! That these should be found in the Second Quarto and omitted in the First Folio is a curious commentary on the "Heminge and Condeell" statement that the First Folio version presented the plays "cured and perfect of their limber and absolute in their numbers," etc. Especially when we obtain this parallelization by such a parallelization as follows:

"HEMINGE AND CONDELL."

For, when we vawle the places  
our H. H. sustaine, we cannot but  
know their dignity greater, then, to  
descend to the reading of these trifles:

Wherein, as we haue justly obserued,  
no man to come neere your L. L.  
but vvith a kind of religious addresse:  
it hath bin the height of our care,  
vvho are the Presenters, to make the  
present worthy of your H. H. by the  
perfection.

Country hands reach foorth milke,  
creame, frutes, or what they haue:  
and many Nations (we haue heard)  
that had not gummes or & incense,  
obtained their requests with a lea-  
uened cake. It vvas no fault to ap-  
proach their Gods, by what means  
they could.

And the most, though meanest, of  
things are made more precious when  
they are dedicated to Temples.

And vvhile we name them trifles,  
we haue depriu'd ourselves of the  
defence of our Dedication.

But since your L. L. haue beene  
pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-

PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY.

I considered your situation much  
too elevated for you to descend to  
such an office.

\* \* \* even those who come to  
pay their respects to you do so with  
a kind of veneration: on this account  
I ought to be careful that what is  
dedicated to you should be worthy of  
you.

But the country people, and in-  
deed, some whole nations offer milk  
to the Gods, and those who cannot  
procure frankincense substitute in  
its place salted cakes, for the Gods  
are not satisfied when they are  
worshipped by every one to the best  
of his ability.

\* \* \* for things are often con-  
ceived to be of great value, solely  
because they are consecrated in tem-  
ples.

And by this dedication I have de-  
prived myself of the benefit of chal-  
lenge. For still thou ne'er wouldst  
quite dispise the trifles that I write.

thing heeretofore; and haue prosecuted bothe them, and their authour lining with so much favour.

There is a great difference, vvwhether any Booke choose his Patronnes, or finde them: this hath done both.

For it is a very different thing whether a person has a judge given him by lot, or whether he voluntarily selects one.

Such a deadly parallel column as the above sufficiently indicates that "Heminge and Condell" is a pseudonym for some one who was very much another sort of person from the two actors who ended their days as a grocer and a Publican, respectively, without so much as a suspicion that their names had been used to present the world with its most magnificent Literature!

And yet it seems that the tares must always grow with the wheat. Prince Hamlet addresses to poor Ophelia a remark so excessively coarse and vile, that, even in the Warwickshire dialect in which it is smothered, it is unprintable for the popular reader! Let us hope that this passage is a survival from the lost UR-HAMLET!

APPLETON MORGAN.

Rooms of The New York Shakespeare Society,  
New York City, October 2nd, 1907.



# THE

## A tragick History of HAMLET,

Prince of Denmarke.

As it hath severall times acted  
by the Kings Schewers the  
Lords Chamberlaine his Ser-  
vants.



LONDON

Printed by I. I. in his Shop in St. Dunstons church, and at  
the Signe of the Angel.

*T H E*  
Tragicall Historie of  
H A M L E T,  
*Prince of Denmarke.*

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much  
again as it was, according to the true and perfect  
Coppie.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his  
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in  
Fleetstreet. 1604.



*Ghost of the old King of Denmarke*  
*Erico.* Brother to the King.  
*Hamlet.* Prince son to the murdered King  
*Sigrie.* The Queen, Hamlet's mother.  
*Horatio.* A noble friend to the Prince .  
*Corambus.* Royal Chamberlain.  
*Leonhardis*—Corambis his son  
*Ophelia*—Corambis his daughter  
*Phantasnio*—The Court Fool  
*Francisco.* Officer of the guard  
*Carl.* A Principall of the Actors.  
*Iers.* A Peasant  
*Two Bandits. Sentinells. Life Guards*  
*Players &c*







# H A M L E T

*First Sentinel.* What friend?

*Second Sentinel.* A friend.

*First Sentinel.* What Friend?

*Second Sentinel.* Sentinel.

*First Sentinel.* Ah, the watchword! comrade!—how're come to relieve me. I only hope the time may not be so long to how as it has been to me.

*Second Sentinel.* Why, comrade, it is not so cold now.

*First Sentinel.* Cold or not, I've a Hell's own sweat.

*Second Sentinel.* Why so timid?—that's not soldierly. A soldier should fear neither friend nor foe; nor euen the Devil himself.

*First Sentinel.* That's all very well; but let the Devil once catch you behind, and how'll be taught to sing *Miserere Domino*.



The Tragedie of  
**H A M L E T**  
*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.*

*Bar.*      **W** Hefe there?

*Bar.*      Nay anſwer me. Stand and vnfolde your ſelfe.

*Fran.*      Long liue the King,

*Fran.* *Barnardo.*

*Bar.* Hee.

*Fran.* You come moſt carefully vpon your houre,

*Bar.* Tis now ſtrooke twelſe, get thee to bed *Franciſco*,

*Fran.* For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am ſick at hart.

*Bar.* Haue you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouſe ſtirring.

*Bar.* Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The riuals of my watch, bid them make haſt.

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them, ſtand ho, who is there?

*Hora.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Leedgemen to the Dane,

*Fran.* Giue you good night.

*Second Sentinel.* What, then, is it that which has really frightened you?

*First Sentinel.* I'll tell you all about it. I have seen a ghost in the front of the castle, who has twice tried to pitch me down from the bastion.

*Second Sentinel.* Hold your tongue, you fool. Dead dogs don't bite. I'd like to see if a ghost that has neither flesh nor blood can hurt me.

*First Sentinel.* Well, if he do show himself, you'll see what he will be like, and whether or no he will frighten you. I will remain in the watch-house. Adieu.

*Second Sentinel.* Off with you; perhaps you were born on a Sunday, and can see ghosts of all sorts. I'll now mount guard myself. [*Heaths, to the sound of trumpets within.*]

Our new King makes merry. They are drinking healths.

*Ghost of the King approaches the Sentinel, and frightens him, and exit.*

*Second Sent.* O holy Anthony of Padua—defend me! I see now what my comrade asserted to me. O Saint Belten if my first watch were only up I would take to my heels like a lifter. I wish I had a stopp of wine from the King's board to quench the heat and fear in my Soul.

[*Ghost comes up behind him—and strikes him a blow on the ear. Sentinel flings down his musket.*] The Devil himself is after me. I am too frightened even to run away! [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* O, farwell honest fouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

*Fran.* *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.

*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?

*Hora.* A peece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

*Hora.* What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

*Bar.* I haue feene nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* faies tis but our fantasie,

And will not let belief take holde of him,

Touching this dreaded fight twice feene of vs.

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

That if againe this apparifion come,

He may approue our eyes and fpeake to it.

*Hora.* Tufh, tufh, twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaile your eares,

That are fo fortified againft our ftory,

What we haue two nights feene.

*Hora.* Well, fit we downe,

And let vs hear *Barnardo* fpeake of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,

When yond fame ftarre thats weaftward from the pole,

Had made his courfe t'llume that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my felfe

The bell then beating one.

*Enter Ghoft.*

*Mar.* Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

*Bar.* In the fame figure like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou are a fcholler, fpeake to it *Horatio*.

*Bar.* Lookes a not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* Moft like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

*Bar.* It would be fpoke to

*Mar.* Speake to it, *Horatio*.

*Hora.* What art thou that vfurpft this time of night.

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

*Second Sentinel.* Who's there?

*Horatio.* The Round.

*Second Sentinel.* Which?

*Horatio.* Main Round.

*Second Sentinel.* Stand Watch. Corporal forward. Shoulder arms.

*Enter [Francisco and Watch. They give the word from the other side.*

*Horatio.* Sentinel, look well to your post; perhaps the Prince himself may go the rounds. Be caught sleeping and it may cost you your head.

*Second Sentinel.* I wish the whole company were here. Not a man of them would go to sleep; for my part I must either be relieved, or run away, and be hanged to-morrow.

*Horatio.* Why.

*Second Sentinel.* Oh, my good Lord, there's a ghost here, which appears every quarter of an hour; it has so broken me up that I had as lief be in Purgatory.

*Francisco.* This is just what the last sentinel has told me.

*Second Sentinel.* Aye, aye, only stop a bit. It won't keep away long. *[Ghost passes across the stage.]*

*Horatio.* On my life it is a ghost, and looks just like the late King of Denmark.

*Francisco.* He bears himself sadly, and seems as if he would say something.

*Horatio.* There is some mystery here.

In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke  
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee Speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See it ftaukes away.

*Hora.* Stay, fpeake, fpeake, I charge thee fpeake, *Exit Ghoft.*

*Mar.* Tis gone and will not anfwere.

*Bar.* How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,  
Is not this fomthing more than phantafie?  
What thinke you-ont?

*Hora.* Before my God I might not this belieue,  
Without the fencible and true auouch  
Of mine owne eies.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hora.* As thou art to thy felfe,  
Such was the very Armor he had on,  
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,  
So frowned he once, when in an angry parle  
He fmot the fleaded pollax on the ice.  
Tis ftrange,

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,  
With martiall ftauke hath he gone by our watch.

*Hora.* In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,  
But in the groffe and fcope of mine opinion,  
This bodes fome ftrange eruption to our ftate.

*Mar.* Good now fit downe, and tell me that knowes,  
Why this fame ftrikt and moft obferuant watch  
So nightly toiles the fubieft of the land.  
And with fuch dayly coft of brazon Canon  
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,  
Why fuch imprefse of fhip-writes, whose fore taske  
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,  
What might be toward that this fweaty haft  
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,  
Who ift that can informe mee?





*Hora.* That can I.

At leaft the whifper goes fo; our laft King,  
 Whofe image euen but now apear'd to vs,  
 Was as you knowe by *Fortinbraffe* of *Norway*,  
 Thereto prickt on by a moft emulate pride  
 Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,  
 (For fo this fide of our knowne world efteemed him)  
 Did ffay this *Fortinbraffe*, who by a feald compact  
 Well ratified by lawe and heraldy  
 Did forfeit (with his life) all thefe his lands  
 Which he ftood feaz'd of, to the conquerour.  
 Againft the which a moitie competent.  
 Was gaged by our King, which had returne  
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbraffe*,  
 Had he bin vanquifher; as by the fame comart  
 And carriage of the article deffeigne,  
 His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbraffe*  
 Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,  
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there  
 Sharkt up a lift of lawleffe refolutes  
 For foode and diet to fome enterprife.  
 That hath a ftomacke in't, which is no other  
 As it doth well appeare vnto our ftate  
 But to recouer of vs by ftroong hand  
 And tearmes compulfatory, thofe forefaid lands  
 So by his father loft; and this I take it,  
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations  
 The fource of this our watch, and the chiefe head  
 Of this poft haft and Romadge in the land.

*Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enfo;  
 Well may it fort that this portentious figure  
 Comes armed through our watch fo like the King  
 That was and is the queftion of thefe warres.

*Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eyes:  
 In the moft high and palmy ftate of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightieft *Iulius* fell  
 The graues ftood tennatleffe, and the flicted dead



Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets.  
 As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood  
 Disasters in the funne; and the moift starre,  
 Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,  
 Was sicke almost to doomefday with eclipe.  
 And euen the like precurfe of feare euent  
 As harbindgers preceeding ftill the fates  
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on  
 Haue heauen and earth together demonftrated  
 Vnto our Climates and countrymen.

*Enter Ghost.*

But foft, behold, loe where it comes againe  
 Ile croffe it though it blaft mee; ftay illufion,  
 If thou haft any found or vie of voyce,  
 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done  
 That may to thee doe eafe, and grace to mee,  
 Speake to me.

*It fpreads  
his armes.*

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate  
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd  
 O fpeake:

Or if thou haft vphoorded in thy life  
 Extorted treafure in the wombe of earth  
 For which they fay your fpirits oft walke in death.  
 Speake of it, ftay and feake, ftop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke  
crowes*

*Mar.* Shall I ftrikee it with my partizan?

*Hor.* Doe if it will not ftand.

*Bar.* Tis heere.

*Hor.* Tis heere.

*Mar.* Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being fo Maiefticall  
 To offer it the fhowe of violence,  
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,  
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

*Bar.* It was about to fpeake when the cock crewe.

*Hor.* And then it ftarted like a guilty thing,  
 Vpon a fearfull fummons; I haue heard,  
 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,

*King.* Although our brother's death is still deep in all our memories, and although custom requires us to go into mourning and hold no state pageants or ceremonials we haue thought best to neuertheless change our sombre funeral suits (or suits of crimson, purple and scarlet because my late brother's widow has become my most dear confort and wife.

Doth with his lofty and thrill founding throat  
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning  
 Whether in fea or fire, in earth or ayre  
 Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein  
 This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock.  
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated  
 This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,  
 And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad  
 The nights are wholefome, then no plannets strike,  
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme  
 So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

*Hora.* So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,  
 But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad  
 Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill  
 Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise  
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life  
 This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:  
 Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it  
 As needful in our loues, fitting our duty.

*Mar.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe  
 Where we shall find him most conuenient.

*Exeunt. Scene 1*

*Florish.* Enter *Claudius*, King of *Denmarke*, *Gertrudthe Queene*,  
*Counsaile: as Polomus, and his Sonne Laertes*,  
*Hamlet, Cum Alys.*

*Claud.* Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death  
 The memorie be greene, and that its befitted  
 To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,  
 To be contracted in one browe of woe  
 Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
 That we with wisest forrowe thinke on him  
 Together with remembrance of our felues:  
 Therefore our sometime Sifter, now our Queene

Let euery one then be cheerful and make festiual with vs.

Th'imperiall ioyntreffe to this warlike ftate  
 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy  
 With an aufpitious, and a dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,  
 In equal fcale waighing delight and dole  
 Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard  
 Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone  
 With this affaïre along (for all our thankes)  
 Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbraffe*,  
 Holding a weake fupposall of our worth  
 Or thinking by our late deare brothers death  
 Our ftate to be difioynt, and out of frame  
 Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage  
 He hath not faild to peftur vs with meffage  
 Importing the furrender of thofe lands  
 Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe  
 To our moft valiant brother, fo much for him:  
 Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting,  
 Thus much the bufines is, we haue heere writ  
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraffe*  
 Who impotent and bedred fcarcely heares  
 Of this his Nephewes purpofe; to fuppreffe  
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,  
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made  
 Out of his fubieft, and we heere difpatch  
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,  
 Giuing to you no further perfonall power  
 To bufinefs with the King, more then the fcope  
 Of thefe delated articles allowe:  
 Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.  
*Cor. Vo.* In that, and all things will we fhowe our dutie.  
*King.* We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.  
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?  
 You told vs of fome fute, what ift *Laertes*?  
 You cannot fpeake of reafon to the Dane  
 And lofe your voyce; what wold'ft thou begge *Laertes*?

*King.* But say, Corambus, how is it with your son Leonhardus? Has he already set out for France?

*Corambus.* Aye, my gracious Lord and King, he has gone already.

*King.* But is this with your consent?

*Corambus.* Aye—Upper Consent, Middle Consent, and Lower Consent. O, Your Highness, he has got an extraordinary, noble, excellent, and glorious consent from me.

*King.* As he has your Consent, so may it go well with me, and may bring him safe back again to us.

But now, Prince Hamlet, we wish you most of all to be contented. See how your mother grieues and is rendered unhappy by your constant melancholy. We haue heard too that you haue determined to return to the Vniuersity of Wittenburg. We pray you for your mother's sake to abandon such an intention. Remain here at our court, we pray you. For we loue you and loue to haue you near vs, and are solicitous that no mischance befall you. Or if you wish not to keep yourself at our court, go to your hereditarie Kingdom of Norway.



That fhall not be my offer, not thy asking,  
 The head is not more natiue to the hart  
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth  
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,  
 What would'ft thou haue *Laertes*?

*Laer.* My dread Lord,  
 Your leaue and fauor to returne to Fraunce,  
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,  
 To fhowe my dutie in your Coronation;  
 Yet now I muft confefse, that duty done  
 My thoughts and wifhes bend againe toward Fraunce  
 And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

*King.* Haue you your fathers leaue, what faies *Polonius*?

*Palo.* Hath my Lord wroung from me my flowe leaue  
 By labourfome petition, and at laft  
 Vpon his will I feald my hard content,

I doe befeech you giue him leaue to goe.

*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine  
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:  
 But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my fonne.

*Ham.* A little more then kin, and leffe then kind.

*King.* How is it that the clowdes ftill hang on you.

*Ham.* Not fo much my Lord, I am too much in the fonne.

*Queene.* Good *Hamlet* caft thy nighted colour off  
 And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,  
 Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids  
 Seeke for thy noble Father in the duft,  
 Thou know'ft tis common all that liues muft die,  
 Pafsing through nature to eternitie.

*Ham.* I Maddam, it is common.

*Quee.* If it be  
 Why feemes it fo perticuler with thee.

*Ham.* Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not feemes,  
 Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother  
 Nor cuftomary fuites of folemble blacke



Nor windie fuspiration of forst breath  
 No, nor the fruitfull riu<sup>e</sup>r in the eye,  
 Nor the deieſted hauior of the viſage  
 Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe  
 That can deuote me truely, theſe indeede ſeeme,  
 For they are actions that a man might play.  
 But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe  
 Theſe but the trappings and the fruites of woe.

*King.* Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,  
 To giue theſe mourning duties to your father  
 But you muſt knowe your father loſt a father,  
 That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound  
 In filliall obligation for ſome tearme  
 To doe obſequious ſorrowe, but to perſeuer  
 In obſtinate condolment, is a courſe  
 Of impious ſtubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,  
 It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen  
 A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient  
 An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold  
 For what we knowe muſt be, and is as common

As any the moſt vulgar thing to fence,  
 Why ſhould we in our peuiſh oppoſition  
 Take it to hart, ſie, tis a fault to heauen,  
 A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame  
 Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed  
 From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day  
 This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth  
 This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs  
 As of a father, for let the world take note  
 You are the moſt imediate to our throne,  
 And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue  
 Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,  
 Doe I impart toward you for your intent

*Queen.* My much beloued son, Prince Hamlet, it greatly astonishes me that you haue decided to leaue vs here, and to betake yourself to Wittenberg. Thou knowest well that we mouern your royal father so lately dead, and that, if you leaue vs, it will add to our grief. Dearest son, then remain here, and demand without restraint whatsoeuer may please and delight you.

*Hamlet.* I will obey you with all my heart, and will remain.

*King.* Do so, dearest Prince. We haue, howeuer, determined to hold a carouse, whereby our dearest spouse may forget her melancholy. But you, Prince Hamlet, and the other nobles, must shew yourselues cheerful. For the present, howeuer, we must make an end of our festinities, for the day is coming on to put to flight the black night. Thee, howeuer, my dearest consort, I must follow to your bed-chamber.

Come, let vs, hand in hand and arm in arm embrace.  
Enjoying the sweet pledge of quiet loue a space.

In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*.  
 It is most retrogard to our desire.  
 And we befeech you bend you to remaine  
 Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefeft courtier, cofin, and our fonne.

*Quee.* Let not thy mother loofe her prayers *Hamlet*,  
 I pray thee ftay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

*Ham.* I fhall in all my beft obey you Madam.

*King.* Why tis a louing and a faire reply,  
 Be as our felfe in Denmarke, Madam come,  
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*  
 Sits fmiling to my hart, in grace whereof,  
 No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,  
 But the great Cannon to the clouds fhall tell.  
 And the Kings rowfe the heauen fhall brute againe,  
 Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Floriſh.* *Exeunt all,*

*Ham.* O that this too too fallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*  
 Thaw and reſolue it felfe into a dewe,  
 Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt  
 His cannon gainſt feale flaughter, o God, God,  
 How wary, ftale, flat, and vnprofitable  
 Seeme to me all the vſes of this world?  
 Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden  
 That growes to feede, things rancke and groſe in nature,  
 Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

But two months dead, nay not ſo much, not two.  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 Hiperion to a fatire, ſo louing to my mother,  
 That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen  
 Viſite her face too roughly, heauen and earth  
 Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him  
 As if increaſe of appetite had growne  
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,  
 Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman  
 A little month or ere thoſe ſhooes were old

*King.* Dearest consort, how comes it that you are so sad. You are our Queen. We love you, and all the kingdom is yours. What is it that troubles you?

*Queen.* My King, I am greatly troubled at the melancholy of my son Hamlet. He is my only prince; and this it is that pains me.

*King.* Still melancholy? We will call in all the wisest physicians of our realm, that they may relieve him.

*Second Sentinel.* Who's there?

*Hamlet.* Hush!

*Second Sentinel.* Who's there?

*Hamlet.* Hush!

*Second Sentinel.* Answer, or I'll teach you better manners.

*Hamlet.* A friend.

*Second Sentinel.* What friend?

*Hamlet.* Friend to the kingdom.

*Francisco.* By my life it is the Prince.

*Horatio.* Your Highness—is it you or not?

*Hamlet.* What! you here, Horatio? What brings you?

With which she followed my poore fathers bodie  
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she  
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,  
My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,  
Ere yet the falt of most vnrighteous teares,  
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes  
She married, o most wicked speede; to post  
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,  
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

*Hora.* Haile to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

*Hora.* The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,  
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)  
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hora.* A truant disposition good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,  
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence  
To make it truster of your owne report  
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,  
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?  
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

*Horatio.* Your Highness, I haue gone the rounds to see that euery one is at his post.

*Hamlet.* That's like an honest soldier: for on you rests the safety of the King and kingdom.

*Horatio.* Your Highness, a strange thing has happened. Regularly euery quarter of an hour a ghost appears; and, to my mind, he is uery like the late King—your father. He frightens the sentinels terribly.



*Hora.* My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

*Ham.* I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,  
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

*Hora.* Indeede my Lord it followed hard vpon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall ba'kt meates  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen  
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,  
My father, me thinks I see my father.

*Hora.* Where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

*Hora.* I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

*Ham.* A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

*Hora.* My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw, who?

*Hora.* My Lord the King your father.

*Ham.* The King my father?

*Hora.* Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent care till I may deliuer  
Vpon the witnes of these gentlemen  
This marvail to you.

*Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare?

*Hora.* Two nights together had these gentlemen  
*Marcellus*, and *Barnardo*, on their watch  
In the dead wast and middle of the night  
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father  
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*  
Appeares before them, and with solemn march,  
Goes flowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt  
By their oppressed and feare surprised eyes  
Within his trunchions length, whil't they distil'd  
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare  
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me  
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,  
And I with them the third night kept the watch,  
Whereas they had deliuered both in time

*Hamlet.* I hope not, for the souls of the good rest quietly till the time of their resurrection.

*Horatio.* Yet, so it is. I've seen it myself.

*Francisco.* And he has frightened me, Your Highness.

*Second Sentinel.* And he has given me a box on the ear.

*Hamlet.* What is the time?

*Francisco.* Midnight.

*Hamlet.* Good!—it is just the time when ghosts, when they walk, love to show themselves.

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The Apparifion comes; I knewe your father,

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watch.

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hora.* My Lord I did,

But answer made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp its head, and did addresse

Itselfe to motion like as it would speake:

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the found it shrunk in haft away

And vanisht from our fight.

*Ham.* Tis very strange.

*Hora.* As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

*Ham.* Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

*All.* We doe my Lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd fay you?

*All.* Arm'd my Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My Lord from head to foote.

*Ham.* Then sawe you not his face

*Hora.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

*Ham.* What look't he frowningly?

*Hora.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hora.* Nay very pale.

*Ham.* And fixt his eyes vpon you?

*Hora.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had bene there.

*Hora.* It would haue much a maz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, stayd it long?



*Hora.* While one with moderate haft might tell a hundreth.

*Both.* Longer, longer.

*Hora.* Not when I saw't.

*Ham.* His beard was grisl'd, no.

*Hora.* It was as I haue feene it in his life  
A fable filuer'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to night  
Perchance twill walke againe.

*Hora.* I warn't it will.

*Ham.* If it affume my noble fathers perfon,  
Ile fpeake to it though hell itfelfe fhould gape  
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all  
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight  
Let it be tenable in your filence ftill,  
And what fomeuer els fhall hap to night,  
Giue it an vnderftanding but no tongue,  
I will requite your loues, fo farre you well:  
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe  
Ile vifite you.

*All.* Our dutie to your honor.

*Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Your loues, as mine to you, farwell,  
My fathers fpirit (in armes) all is not well,  
I doubt fome foule play, would the night were come,  
Til then fit ftill my foule, fonde deeds will rife  
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

*Exit.*

*Scene III*

*Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.*

*Laer.* My neceffaries are inbarckt, farwell,  
And fifter, as the winds giue benefit  
And conuay, in afsitant doe not fleepe  
But let me heere from you.

*Ophe.* Doe you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour,  
Hold it a fafhion, and a toy in blood



A Violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, ſweete, not laſting,  
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute  
No more.

*Ophe.* Not more but ſo.

*Laer.* Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not growe alone  
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes  
The inward ſeruice of the minde and ſoule  
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,  
And now no foyle nor cautell doth beſmirch  
The vertue of his will, but you muſt feare,

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,  
He may not as vnuaſſed perſons doe,  
Carue for himſelfe, for on his choiſe depends  
The faſty and health of this whole ſtate,  
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumscribd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body  
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you,  
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to belieue it  
As he in his particuler act and place  
May giue his ſaying deede, which is no further  
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.  
Then way what loſſe your honor may ſuſtaine  
If with too credent care you liſt his ſongs  
Or looſe your hart, or your chaſt treaſure open  
To his vnmaſtred importunity.  
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my dear ſiſter,  
And keepe you in the reare of your affection  
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,  
“The charieſt maide is prodigall inough  
If ſhe vnmaſke her butie to the Moone  
“Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes  
“The canker gaules the infants of the ſpring  
Too oft before their buttons be diſcloſ'd,





And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth  
 Contagious blaftments are moft imminent,  
 Bewary then, beft fafety lies in feare,  
 Youth to it felfe rebels, though non els neare.

*Ophe.* I fhall the effect of this good leffon keepe  
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother  
 Does not as fome vngracious paftors doe,  
 Showe me the ftep and thorny way to heauen  
 Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine  
 Himfelfe the primrofe path of dalience treads.  
 And reakes not his owne reed.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Laer.* O feare me not,  
 I ftay too long, but heere my father comes  
 A double blefsing, is a double grace,  
 Occafion fmiles vpon a fecond leaue.

*Pol.* Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord a bord for flame,  
 The wind fits in the fhoulder of your faile,  
 And you are ftayed for, there my blefsing with thee,  
 And thefe fewe precepts in thy memory  
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,  
 Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,  
 Thofe friends thou haft, and their a doption tried,  
 Grapple them vnto thy foule with hoopes of fteele,  
 But doe not dull thy palms with entertainment  
 Of each new hatcht vnpledgd courage, beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,  
 Bear't that th'oppofed may beware of thee,  
 Giue euery man thy care, but fewe thy voyce,  
 Take each mans censure, but referue thy judgment,  
 Coftly thy habite as thy purfe can by,  
 But not exprefit in fancy; rich not gaudy,  
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man  
 And they in Fraunce of the beft ranck and ftation,  
 Or of a moft felect and generous, chiefe in that:  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,  
 For loue oft loofes both itfelfe, and friend,



And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;  
 This about all, to thine owne selfe be true  
 And it must followe as the night the day  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:  
 Farwell, my blessing feason this in thee.

*Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

*Pol.* The time inuests you goe, your seruents tend.

*Laer.* Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I haue sayd to you.

*Ophe.* Tis in my memory lockt

And you yourselfe shall keepe the key of it.

*Laer.* Farwell.

*Exit Laertes.*

*Pol.* What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

*Ophe.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* Marry well bethought

Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you yourselfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,

You doe not vnderstand yourselfe so cleerely

As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,

What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

*Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
 Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speak like a greene girle  
 Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,  
 Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

*Ophe.* I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, thinke yourselfe a babie  
 That you haue tane these tenders for true pay  
 Which are not sterling, tender yourselfe more dearly  
 Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraze  
 Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.



*Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue  
In honorable fashon.

*Pol.* I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.

*Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech  
My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heauen.

*Pol.* I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe  
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the foule  
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter  
Giuing more light than heat, extinct in both  
Euen in their promise, as it is a making  
You must not take for fire, from this time  
Be something scanter of your maiden preface  
Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,  
Believe so much in him that he is young,  
And with a larger tide may he walke  
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,  
Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers  
Not of that die which their investments shewe  
But meere implorators of vnholly suites  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds  
The better to beguile: this is for all,  
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Have you so flander any moment leasure  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,  
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

*Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

*Hora.* It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

*Ham.* What houre now?

*Hora.* I thinke it lacks of twelfe.

*Mar.* No, it is strooke.

The Platform.

[*Healths again.*]

*Hamlet.* Ha!—what is that?

*Horatio.*—I fancy it is the Court still drinking healths.

*Hamlet.* Right, Horatio! My Lord and father and uncle makes himself merry with his followers.

Alas, Horatio, I know not how it is that since my father's death I am always so sick at heart; while my royal mother has already forgotten him, and the King still sooner: for while I was in Germany he had himself crowned with all haste in Denmark. But to assume some sort of show of title he has made over to me the Crown of Norway, and appealed to the will of the States.

*Hora.* Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke. *A flourish of trumpets*  
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2 peeces goes of.*

*Ham.* The King, doth wake to night and takes his rowfe.  
Keepes waiffell and the fwaggering vp-fpring reeles :  
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,  
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hora.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry ift,  
But to my minde, though I am natie heere  
And to the manner borne, it is a custome  
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruence.  
This heauy headed reueale east and west  
Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,  
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phraze  
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes  
From our achieuements, though perform'd at height  
The pith and marrow of our attributes,  
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them  
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,  
(Since nature cannot choofe his origin)  
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion  
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,  
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens  
The forms of plaufiue manners, that these men  
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect  
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,  
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may vndergoe,  
Shall in the generall cenfure take corruption  
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale  
Doth all the noble fubftance of a doubt  
To his owne scandle

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hora.* Look my Lord it comes.

*Hamlet.* Speak! say who thou art, and what thou desirest.

*Ghost.* Hamlet.

*Hamlet.* Sir.

*Ghost.* Hamlet.

*Hamlet.* What desirest thou?

*Second Sentinel.* Ha!—here's the ghost again.

*Horatio.* Does Your Highness see now?

*Francisco.* Don't be frightened, your Highness.

*[Ghost crosses the stage and beckons to Hamlet.]*

*Hamlet.* The ghost beckons me. Gentlemen, stand aside awhile. Horatio, do not go far away from here. I will follow the ghost and ascertain what he wants. *[Exit.]*

*Horatio.* Gentlemen; let us follow him to see that he suffer no harm. *[Exeunt. Ghost beckons Hamlet to the middle of the stage and opens his jaws several times.]*



*Ham.* Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs :  
 Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
 Thou com'ſt ſuch a questionable ſhape,  
 That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,  
 King, father, royall Dane, o anſwere mee,  
 Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones heard in death  
 Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,  
 Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd  
 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,  
 To caſt thee vp againe, what may this meane  
 That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele  
 Reuiſites thus the glimpſes of the Moone,  
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature  
 So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,  
 Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe?

*Beckins.*

*Hora.* It beckins you to goe away with it  
 As if it ſome impartment did deſire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Looke with what curteous action  
 It waues you to a more remooued ground,  
 But doe not goe with it.

*Hora.* No, by no meanes.

*Ham.* It will not ſpeake, then I will followe it.

*Hora.* Doe not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why what ſhould be the feare,  
 I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,  
 And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that  
 Being a thing immortall as itſelfe;  
 It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

*Hora.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my,  
 Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe  
 That bettles ore his baſe into the ſea,  
 And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme

*Ghost.* Hear me, Hamlet, for the time approaches when I must  
giue myself back to the place whence I haue come. Hear and giue  
heed to what I shall relate.

*Hamlet.* Speak, thy departed shade of my royal Lord and father.

*Ghost.* Then hear. Son Hamlet, what I haue to tell you is thy  
father's vnnatural death.

*Hamlet.* What! vnnatural death!

*Ghost.* Ah! vnnatural death! Know that I had the habit to which

Which might depriue your foueraightie of reafon,  
 And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,  
 The very place puts toyes of desperation  
 Without more motiue, into euery braine  
 That lookes fo many fadoms to the fea  
 And hears it rore beneath.

*Ham.* It waues me ftill,  
 Goe on, Ile followe thee.

*Mar.* You fhall not goe my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold of your hands.

*Hora.* Be rul'd, you fhall not goe.

*Ham.* My fate cries out  
 And makes each petty arture in this body  
 As hardy as the Nameon Lyons nerue;  
 Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.

By heauen Ile make a ghofit of him that lets me,  
 I fay away, goe on. Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghofit and Hamlet.*

*Hora.* He waxes desperate with imagion.

*Mar.* Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hora.* Haue after, to what iffue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the ftate of Denmarke,

*Hora.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay lets follow him.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene 4*

*Enter Ghofit, and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whether wilt thou leade me, fpeake, Ile go no further,  
*Ghofit.*—Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghofit.* My houre is almoft come  
 When I to fulphrus and tormenting flames.  
 Muft render vp my felfe.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghofit.



*Ghoſt.* Pitty me not, but leend they ferious hearing  
To what I fhall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Ghoſt.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou fhalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghoſt.* I am thy father's ſpirit,  
Doomed for a certaine tearme to walke the night,  
And for the day confined to faſt in fires,  
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away; but that I am forbid  
To tell the ſecrets of my prifon houſe,  
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word  
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,  
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,  
But this eternal blazon muſt not be  
To ears of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, o liſt:  
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father love.

*Ham.* O God.

*Ghoſt.* Reuenge his foule, and moſt unnaturall murther.

*Ham.* Murther.

*Ghoſt.* Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,  
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue  
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghoſt.* I find thee apt,  
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede  
That rootes it ſelfe in caſe on *Lethe* wharffe,  
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,  
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,  
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo'the whole eare of Denmarke.  
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death  
Ranckely abuſde: but knowe thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life

nature had accustomed me to go in my royal pleasure-garden every day after dinner, and there to sleep for an h'vor. One day my brother, thirsting for my crown, and had with him the subtle jvice of ebenon. This oil, or jvice, has the following effect: As soon as a few drops of it mix with the blood of a man, they, immediate, clog the passages of life and destroy life. This jvice, while I was asleep, he poured into my ear; as soon as it reached my head, I died at once; wherevpon it was given out that I had died of a violent apoplexy.

So was I robbed

Now wears his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my prophetick foule! my Vncle?

*Ghoſt.* I that inceſtuouſ, that adulterate beaſt,  
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,  
 O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power  
 So to feduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt  
 The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;  
 O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there  
 From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie  
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe  
 I made to her in marriage and to decline  
 Vpon a wretch whoſe natural gifts were poore,  
 To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued.  
 Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen.  
 So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,  
 Will fort itſelfe in a ceſtial bed.  
 And pray on garbage.  
 But ſoft, me thinkes I fent the morning ayre,  
 Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard.  
 My cuſtome alwayſ of the afternoone,  
 Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole  
 With iuyce of curled Hebona in a viall,  
 And in the porches of my ears did poure  
 The leaprouſ deſtilment, whoſe effect  
 Holds ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,  
 That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through  
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,  
 And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe  
 And curds like eager droppings into milke,  
 The thin and wholfome blood; ſo did it mine,  
 And a moſt inſtant tetter barckt about  
 Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome craft.  
 All my ſmooth body.  
 Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,

of my life of my kingdom and of my wife all at the same time by this Tyrant!

*Hamlet.* Just Heavens! if this be true I swear to revenge you.

*Ghost.* I cannot rest until my unnatural murder be revenged.

[*Exit.*

*Hamlet.* I swear that I will not rest until I have had my revenge on this fratricide.



Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once difpatcht,  
 Cut off euen in the bloffomes of my finne,  
 Vnhuzled, difappointed, unanueld,  
 No reckning made, but fent to my account  
 Withal my imperfections on my hand,  
 O horrible, o horrible, moft horrible.  
 If thou haft nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be  
 A couch for luxury and damned inceft.  
 But howfomeuer thou purfues this act,  
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy foule contriue  
 Againft thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,  
 And to thofe thornes that in her bofome lodge  
 To prick and fting, her, fare thee well at once,  
 The Gloworme fhewes the matine to be neere.  
 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,  
 Adiew, Adiew, adiew, remember me.

*Ham.* O all you hoft of heauen, o earth, what els,  
 And fhall I couple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,  
 And you my finnowes, growe not infant old,  
 But beare me fwiftly vp; remember thee,  
 I thou poore Ghoft whiles memory holds a feate  
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,  
 All fawes of books, all forms, all preffures paft  
 That youth and obfervation coppied there  
 And thy commandement all alone fhall liue,  
 Within the booke and volume of my braine  
 Vnmixt with bafer matter, yes by haecuen,  
 O moft pernicious woman,  
 O villaine, villaine, fmiling damned villaine,  
 My tables, meet it is I fet it downe  
 That one may fmile, and fmile, and be a villaine,  
 At leaft I am fure it may be fo in Denmarke.

*Horatio.* How is it with Your Highness? Why so terror-stricken?  
Hast thou perchance been disturbed?

*Hamlet.* Yes, indeed; beyond all measure.

*Horatio.* Has Your Highness seen the ghost?

*Hamlet.* Aye! truly—seen and spoken to it.

*Horatio.* O Heavens! this bodes something strange.

*Hamlet.* He has revealed to me a horrible thing; therefore I pray  
you, gentlemen, stand by me in a matter that calls for vengeance.

So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,  
It is adew, adew, remember me.  
I haue fworn't.

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Hora.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Mar.* Lord *Hamlet*.

*Hora.* Heauens fecure him.

*Ham.* So be it.

*Mar.* Illo, ho ho, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

*Mar.* How i't my noble Lord?

*Hora.* What news my Lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderfull.

*Hora.* Good my Lord tell it.

*Ham.* No, you will reueal it.

*Hora.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord.

*Ham.* How fay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,  
But you'le be fecret.

*Booth.* I by heauen.

*Ham.* There's neuer a villaine,  
Dwelling in all Denmarke  
But hee's an arrant knaue.

*Hora.* There needs no Ghoft my Lord, come from the graue  
To tell vs this.

*Ham.* Why right, you are in the right,  
And fo without more circumftance at all  
I hold it fit that we fhake hands and part,  
You, as your bufines and defire fhall poynt you.  
For euery man hath bufines and defire  
Such as it is, and for my own poore part.  
I will go pray.

*Hora.* Thefe are but wilde and whuiling words my Lord.

*Ham.* I am forry they offend you hartily,  
Yes faith hartily.

*Horatio.* You are surely convinced of my faithfulness, only tell me.

*Francisco.* Your Highness cannot doubt as to my help.

*Hamlet.* Gentlemen, before I reveal the matter you must swear an oath on your truth and honor.

*Francisco.* Your Highness knows the love I bear you. I will willingly risk my life if you can have your revenge.

*Horatio.* But thou the oath to us, and we will stand by you as true men.

*Hamlet.* Then, lay your finger on my sword—"We swear."

*Horatio and Francisco.* We swear.

*Ghost (within).* We swear.

*Hamlet.* Holla!—what is this? swear again.

*Horatio and Francisco.* We swear.

*Ghost.* We swear.

*Hamlet.* What is this? It is an echo which sends back to the rebound of our words. Come, we will go to another spot. We swear.

*Hora.* There's no offense my Lord.

*Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrick*, but there is *Horatio*,  
And much offense to, touching this vision heere,  
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,  
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs  
Oremafter as you may, and now good friends.  
As you are friends, schollars and fouldiers,  
Giue me one poore request.

*Hora.* What i'st my Lord, we will

*Ham.* Neuer make knowne what you haue feene to night.

*Booth.* My Lord we will not.

*Ham.* Nay but fwear't.

*Hora.* In faith my Lord not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

*Ham.* Vppon my fword.

*Mar.* We haue fworne my Lord already.

*Ham.* Indeeде vppon my fword, indeed.

*Ghost cries under the Stage.*

*Ghost.* Sweare.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'ft thou so, art thou there trupenny?  
Come on, you heare this fellows in the Sellerige.  
Consent to fweare.

*Hora.* Propose the oath my Lord.

*Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue feene  
Sweare by my sword.

*Ghost.* Sweare.

*Ham & vbiq̃ue,* then wee le fliht our ground;  
Come hether Gentlemen  
And lay your hands againe upon my fword,  
Sweare by my fword.

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

*Ghost.* Sweare by his fword.

*Ham.* Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast.  
A worthy Pioner, once more remouue good friends.

*Hamlet.* O I now hear what this means. It seems that the ghost of my father is displeased at my making the matter known. Gentlemen, I pray you, leave me; to-morrow I will reveal everything.

*Horatio and Francisco.* Farewell, Your Highness. [*Exit Francisco.*]

*Hamlet.* Horatio, come hither.

*Horatio.* What is your Highness' will?

*Hamlet.* Has the other gone?

*Horatio.* He has.

*Hamlet.* I know, Horatio, that thou hast at all times been true to me, so I will reveal to you what the Ghost has told me, namely, that my father died a violent death. My father—he who is now my father—has murdered him.

*Horatio.* O Heaven! what do I hear?

*Hamlet.* Thou knowest, Horatio, that my dear departed father's custom was every day after his dinner to sleep an hour in his summer-house. The villain, knowing this, comes to my father and pours into his ear, whilst he slept, the juice of henbane, under which my father's spirit departed. This the accursed dog did in order to obtain the crown; and now from this moment I will put on an affected madness, and in my affectation so skilfully play my part that I shall find an opportunity to avenge my father's death.

*Horatio.* If so it is to be, I pledge myself to be true to Your Highness.

*Hamlet.* Horatio, I will so avenge myself on this ambitious and adulterous murderer that posterity shall speak of it till eternity. I will now go and dissemble and bide my time until I find opportunity to work my revenge. [*Exeunt.*]

*Hora.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*.

Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come

Heere as before, neuer fo help you mercy,

(How strange or odde fo mere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke disposition on

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,

Of if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,

So grace and mercy at your Most neede helpe you.

*Ghoſt.* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit; fo Gentlemen,

Withall my loue I doe commend me to you.

And what fo poore a man as *Hamlet* is.

May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you.

God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,

And still your fingers on your lips I pray,

The time is out of ioynt, o curſed ſpight

That euer I was borne to ſet it right.

Nay come, lets goe together.

*Exeunt.*

Act II  
Scene I

*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*

*Pol.* Giue him his money, and theſe notes. *Reynaldo.*

*Rey.* I will my Lord.

*Pol.* You ſhall doe meruils wifely good *Reynaldo,*

Before you viſite him, to make inquire

Of his behauiour.

*Rey.* My Lord, I did intend it.





*Pol.* Mary well faid, very well faid; looke you fir,  
 Enquire me firft what Danskers are in Parris,  
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,  
 What companie, at what expence, and finding  
 By this encompassment, and drift of question.  
 That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer  
 Then your perticular demaunds will tuch it,  
 Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,  
 As thus, I know his father and his friends,  
 And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

*Rey.* I, very well my Lord.

*Pol.* And in part him, but you may fay not well,  
 But y't be he I meane, hee's very wilde,  
 Adicted fo and fo, and there put on him  
 What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck  
 As may dishonour him, take heeds of that,  
 But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall flips,  
 As are companions noted and most knowne  
 To youth and libertie.

*Rey.* As gaming my Lord.

*Pol.* I, or drinking, fencing, fwearing,  
 Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

*Rey.* My Lord, that would dishonor him.

*Pof.* Fayth as you may season it in the charge.  
 You must not put another scandell on him,  
 That he is open to incontinencie,  
 That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently  
 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,  
 The flash and out-breaks of a fierie mind,  
 A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,  
 Of generall affault.

*Rey.* But my good Lord.

*Pol.* Wherefore should you doe this?

*Rey.* I my Lord, I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry fir, heer's my drift.

And I believe it is a fetch of wit,  
 You laying these flight fallies on my sonne.



As t'were a thing a little foyld with working,  
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found  
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes  
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd  
He closes with you in this consequence,  
Good fir, (or fo,) or friend, or gentleman,  
According to the phraze, or the addition  
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good my Lord.

*Pol.* And then fir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?  
By the maffe I was about to say something.  
Where did I leaue?

*Rey.* At closes in the consequence.

*Pol.* At closes in the consequence, I marry,  
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,  
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day,  
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,  
There was a gaming there, or took in's rowse,  
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance  
I saw him enter such a house of sale,  
Videlizet, a brothell, or so fourth, see you now,  
Your bait of falsehood take this carpe of truth,  
And thus doe we of wifedome, and of reach,  
With windleffes, and with affaies of bias,  
By indirections find directions out,  
So by my former lectures and aduise

Shall you my sonne: you haue me, haue you not?

*Rey.* My Lord, I haue.

*Pol.* God buy ye, far ye well.

*Rey.* Good my Lord.

*Pol.* Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

*Rey.* I shall my Lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his musique.

*Rey.* Well my Lord.

*Exit Rey.*

*Ophelia.* Alas, father, protect me!

*Corambus.* What is it, my child?

*Ophelia.* Alas, father! Prince Hamlet importunes me. He lets me haue no peace.

*Corambus.* Make yourself eash, my daughter. He has not done anything elsse, has he?

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Pol.* Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

*Oph.* O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

*Pol.* With what i'th name of God?

*Oph.* My Lord, as I was fowing in my cloffet,  
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,  
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,  
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,  
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other.  
And with a looke so pittious in purport  
As if he had been loofed out of hell  
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy loue?

*Oph.* My lord I doe not know,  
But truly I doe feare it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Oph.* He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,  
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,  
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,  
He falls to such perufall of my face  
As a would draw it, long stay'd he so,  
At last, a little fhaking of mine arme,  
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,  
He raifd a sigh so pittious and profound  
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd  
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,  
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,  
And to the last bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extracie of loue,  
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,  
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings  
As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen



That dooes afflict our natures: I am forry,  
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund  
I did repell his letters, and denied  
His acceffe to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am forry, that with better heede and iudgement  
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle  
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ielousie:  
By heauen it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond our felues in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger fort  
To lack discrecion; come, goe we to the King,  
This must be knowne, which beeing kept clofe, might moue  
More grieffe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,  
Come.

*Exeunt.*

*Florish: Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and*

*Guyldensterne.*

*King.* Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Guyldensterne*,  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The neede we haue to vse you did prouoke  
Our hastie fending, something haue you heard  
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,  
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man  
Refembles that it was, what it should be,  
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe  
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both  
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,  
And fith so nabored to his youth and hauior,  
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time, so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather





So much as from occasion you may gleane,  
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,  
That opend lyes within our remedie.

*Quee.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,  
And fure I am, two men there is not liuing  
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you  
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a while,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Rof.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the foueraigne power you haue of vs.  
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund  
Then to entreatie.

*Guyld.* But we both obey.  
And here giue vp our felues in the full bent,  
To lay our seruice at your feete  
To be commaunded.

*King.* Thanks *Rofencrans* and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

*Quee.* Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rofencrans*.  
And I beseech you instantly to visite  
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you  
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Guyld.* Heauens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

*Quee.* I Amen.

*Exeunt Rof. and Guyld.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully returned.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

*Pol.* Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege  
I hold my duties as I hold my foule,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;  
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine

Hunts not the trayle of policie so fure  
As it hath vfd to doe, that I haue found



The very caufe of *Hamlets* lunacie :

*King.* O ſpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.

*Pol.* Giue firſt admittance to th'embaffadors,  
My newes ſhall be the fruite to that great feaſt.

*King.* Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found  
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.

*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine  
His fathers death, and our haſtie marriage.

*Enter Embaffadors.*

*King.* Well, we ſhall liſt him, welcome my good friends,  
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

*Vol.* Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires;  
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe  
His Nephews leuiſes, which to him appeard  
To be a preparation gainſt the *Pollacke*,  
But better lookt into, he truly found  
It was againſt your highnes, whereat greeu'd  
That fo his ſicknes, age, and impotence  
Was faſtly borne in hand, ſends out arreſts  
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in breefe obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,  
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more  
To giue th'affay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie:  
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him threeſcore thouſand crownes in anull fee.  
And his commiſſion to imploy thoſe ſouldiers  
So leui'd (as before) againſt the *Pollacke*,  
With an entreatie heerein further ſhone,  
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet uaffe  
Through your dominions for this enterpriſe  
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance  
As therein are ſet downe.

*King.* It likes vs well.

*Corambus.* News, my gracious Lord King.

*King.* What news?

*Corambus.* Prince Hamlet is mad; mad as euer the Greeke madman.

*Corambus.* Because he has lost his wits.

*King.* And why is he mad?

*King.* Where has he lost his wits?

*Corambus.* That's more than I know. He that has found them may perhaps know.

Oh, now I know why Prince Hamlet is mad. He is certainly in loue with my daughter.

*King.* Can loue then, make a man mad?

*Corambus.* No doubt, my gracious Lord and King, loue is full strong enough to make a man mad. I remember myself when I was young how it plagued me—it made me as mad as a March hare. But I take no note of it. I like better to sit by my fireplace, and count out my red coins, and drink Your Majesty's health.

And at our more confidered time, wee'le read,  
 Anfwer, and thinke vpon this bufines:  
 Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,  
 Goe to your reft, at night wee'le feaft together,  
 Moft welcome home. *Exeunt Embaffadors.*  
*Pol.* This bufines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expoftulate  
 What maieftie fhould be, what dutie is,  
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
 Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time,  
 Therefore breuitie is the foule of wit,  
 And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florifhes,  
 I will be brieft, your noble fonne is mad:  
 Mad call it, for to define true madnes,  
 What ift but to be nothing els but mad,  
 But let that goe.

*Quee.* More matter with leffe art.

*Pol.* Maddam, I fweare I vse no art at all,  
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,  
 And pittie tis tis true, a foolifh figure,  
 But farewell it, for I will vse no art,  
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines  
 That we find out the caufe of this effect,  
 Or rather fay, the caufe of this defect,  
 For this effect defectiue comes by caufe:  
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus  
 Perpend,  
 I haue a daughter, haue while fhe is mine,  
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,  
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and furnife,

*To the Celestiall and my foules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrafe, a vile phrafe, beautified is a vile phrafe, but you fhall heare: thus in her excellent white bofome, thefe &c.*

*Quee.* Came this from Hamlet to her?



*Pol.* Good Maddam Itay awhile, I will be faithfull,  
*Doubt thou the starres are fire,*  
*Doubt thou the Sunne doth moue,*  
*Doubt truth to be a lyer.*  
*But neuer doubt I loue.*

*Letter.*

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon  
 my grones, but that I loue thee best, o most best belieue it, adew.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

*Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter showne me. (*Hamlet.*

And more about hath his folicitings

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
 All giuen to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.

*Pol.* I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke

When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,

If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke.

Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vppon this loue with idle fight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from her reformat,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a wath, thence into a weakness,

Thence to lightnes and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now he raues,

And all we mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this?

*King.* Cannot we see with our own eyes his raving and madness?

*Corambus.* Yes, Your Majesty. We will just move a little aside, and my daughter shall show him the jewel of which he has made her a present, and then Your Majesty can see his madness. [ *They hide.*



*Quee.* It may be very like

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,  
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,  
When it proou'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;  
Ir circumstances leade me, I will finde  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  
Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together  
Heere in the Lobby.

*Quee.* So he dooes indeede.

*Pol.* At such a time, Ile loofe my daughter to him,  
Be you and I behind an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason false thereon  
Let me be no afsistant for a state  
But keepe a farme and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*  
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,  
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you knowe me my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I fir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.



*Ham.* For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kising carrion. Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a bleising,  
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend look to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Between who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Slaunders fir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & pluntree gum, & that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honestly to haue it thus fet downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madneffe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeede that's out of the ayre: how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of, I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Enter Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

*Rof.* God saue you fir.

*Gyl.* My honor'd Lord.

*Rof.* My most deere Lord.



*Ham.* My extent good friends, how doost thou *Guylderferne*?  
*A Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guyl.* Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,  
 We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the foles of her shooe.

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-  
*Guyl.* Faith her priuates we. (uors.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a  
 What newes? (trumpet,

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;  
 But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonoure*?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thanke  
 you, and fure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpenny:  
 were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-  
 on? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

*Guyl.* What should we say my Lord?

*Ham.* Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there  
 is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties haue not  
 craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue  
 sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the  
 rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the  
 obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a  
 better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with  
 me whether you were sent for or no.

*Ros.* What say you.

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not of.

*Guyl.* My Lord we were sent for.



*Ham.* I will tell you why, fo fhall my anticipation preuent your difcouery, and your fecrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loft all my mirth, forgon all cuftome of exercifes: and indeede it goes fo heauily with my difpofition, that this goodly frame the earth, feemes to mee a fterill promontorie, this moft excellent Canopei the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiefticall roofo fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peftilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reafon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how exprefse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehenfion, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Aunimales; and yet to me, what is this Quinteffence of duft: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your fmiling, you feeme to fay fo.

*Rof.* My Lord, there was no fuch ftuffe in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did yee laugh then, when I fayd man delights not me.

*Rof.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players fhall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you feruice.

*Ham.* He that playes the King fhall be welcome, his Maieftie fhall haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight fhall vfe his foyle and target, the Louer fhall not figh gratis, the humorus Man fhall end his part in peace, and the Lady fhall fay her minde freely: or the black verfe fhall hault for't. What players are they?

*Rof.* Euen thofe were wont to take fuch delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

*Ham.* How chanches it they trauaile? their refidence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

*Rof.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouafion.

*Ham.* Doe they hold the fame eftimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they fo followed.

*Rof.* No indeede are they not.





*Ham.* It is not very itrange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is fomething in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

*Guy.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you muft shewe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

*Corambus.* News, my gracious Lord! the actors are come.

*Hamlet.* When Marius Roscius was an actor in Rome, that was a fine time.

*Corambus.* Ha! ha! ha! Your Highness is always bantering.

*Hamlet.* O Septha, Septha, what a fair daughter had'st thou!

*Corambus.* Your Highness always will be harping on my daughter.

*Hamlet.* Well, old man; let the master of the actor company come in.

*Corambus.* It shall be so. [*Exit.*]

*Guy.* In what my deare Lord.

*Ham.* I am but mad North North west; when the wind is South-therly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Harke you *Guyldenfterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

*Rof.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right fir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

*Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor in Rome.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Pol.* Vppon my honor.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Affe.

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comickall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

*Ham.* O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?

*Pol.* What a treasure had he my Lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter and no more, the whole he loued passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

*Pol.* If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

*Ham.* Nay that followes not. (passing well.

*Pol.* What followes then my Lord?

*Ham.* Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shoue you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

*Carl.* May the Gods euer bestow on Your Highness blessings, luck, and health.

*Hamlet.* Thanks, my friend! What can I do for you?

*Carl.* With leave, your Highness, we are foreign High German actors. Our wish was to have had the privilege of acting at His Majesty's wedding. But Fortune turned her back, and only contrary winds their face, towards us. so we now ask of your Highness leave to perform, that our long journey shall not have been made in vain.

*Hamlet.* Were you not, some years ago, at the University of Wittenberg? I think I saw you act there.

*Carl.* Yes, your Highness. We are the same company.

*Hamlet.* Have you still got the whole company?

*Carl.* We are not so strong, since some students took appointments in Hamburg. Still we are enough for many pleasant Comedies and Tragedies.

*Hamlet.* Can you give us a play this very night?

*Carl.* Yes, your Highness, we are strong enough and in practice enough for that.

*Hamlet.* Have you still the three actresses with you? They used to act well.

*Carl.* No, only two. One stayed behind with her husband at the Court of Sagony.

*Hamlet.* When you were at Wittenberg you performed Comedies very well; only you had some fellows among you who had good clothes but dirty shirts, and some who had boots but no spurs.

*Carl.* Your Highness, it is generally a hard matter to get everything. Perhaps, they thought they could not ride.

*Enter the Players.*

*Ham.* You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is vantage since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistress, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech fraite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionat speech.

*Player.* What speech my good Lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallies in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Primus* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian beast, tis not so, it begins with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,  
 When he lay couched in th'omyonous horse,  
 Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,  
 With heraldy more difmall head to foote,  
 Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt  
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,  
 Bak'd and empast with the parching frectes  
 That lend a tirranus and a damned light  
 To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,  
 And thus ore-cifed with coagulate gore,

*Hamlet.* I am a great lover of your art and only speak to you for the best; for it is a mirror in which one may see one's own faults. Listen. You acted at Wittenberg a piece about King Pir-, Pir-, something like Pyr-?

*Carl.* Ah! it was perhaps one about the great King Pyrrhus.

*Hamlet.* Very likely; but I am not quite sure.

*Carl.* Would your Highness name a character in it, or say what it was about?

*Hamlet.* It was about one brother murdering another in a garden.

*Carl.* That's the piece. Did not the King's brother pour poison into the King's ear?

*Hamlet.* He did. That's it. Can you play that piece this evening?

*Carl.* O yes, easily enough, for there are not many characters.

*Hamlet.* Well, then, get the stage ready in the great hall. If you want any boards, get them of the Master Mechanic; if anything from the armoury, in the way of clothes, ask the Master of the Robes or

With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Phirrhus*  
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

*Pol.* Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good  
*Play.* Anon he finds him, (discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword  
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,  
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,  
*Pirrhus* at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,  
Th'vnnerved father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top  
Stoopest to his bafe; and with a hiddious crafh  
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for loe his sword  
Which was declining on the milkie head  
Of reuerrent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,  
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood  
Like a newtrall to his will and matter ,  
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,  
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,  
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe  
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder  
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,  
A rowfed vengeance fets him new a worke,  
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,  
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,  
With lesse remorfe then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword  
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou trumpet Fortune, all you gods,  
In generall finod take away her power,  
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,  
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen  
As lowe as to the fiends.

*Pol.* This is too long.

the steward. We wish you to haue whateuer you desire. Care for them well.

*Corambus.* Aye, aye. I'll treat them as they deserve.

*Hamlet.* Treat them, I say, well; for there is no greater praise to be got than through actors. They trauel far and wide. If treated well in one place, they cannot crack too much of it in another; for their stage is a little world wherein they represent about all that takes place in the great world. They reuine the old forgotten histories, and set before vs good examples; they publish abroad the iustice and praise-worthy gouernment of princes; punish vice; exalt uirtue; praise the good, and show how tyranny is punished. Therefore should you treat them well.

*Corambus.* Well, they shall haue their reward as they are such great people. Farewell, Your Highness. [Exit.



*Ham.* It fhall to the barbers with your beard; prethee fay on, he's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he fleepes, fay on, come to *Hecuba*

*Play.* But who, a woe, had feene the mobled Queene,

*Ham.* The mobled Queene

*Pol.* That's good.

*Play.* Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames  
With *Bifon* rehume, a clout vppon that head  
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,  
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes,  
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,  
Who this had feene, with tongue in venom fteept,  
Gainft fortunes fstate would treafon haue pronounft:  
But if the gods themfelues did fee her then,  
When fhe faw *Pirrhus* make malicious fport  
In mincing with his fword her husband limmes,  
The infantburft of clamor that fhe made,  
Vnleffe things mortall mooue them not at all,  
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen  
And pafion in the gods.

*Pol.* Looke where he has not turned his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

*Ham.* Tis well, Ile haue thee fpeake out the reft of this foone,  
Good my Lord will you fee the players well beftowed; doe you heare, let them be well vfed, for they are the abftra&t and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

*Pol.* My Lord, I will vfe them according to their defert.

*Ham.* Gods bodkin man, much better, vfe euery man after his defert, & who fhall fcape whipping, vfe them after your owne honor and dignity, the leffe they deferue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come firs.

*Ham.* Follow him friends, wee le heare a play to morrowe; doft thou heare me old friend, can you play the murthrer of *Gonzago*?

*Play.* I my Lord,

*Carl.* We humbly thank your Highness for these fauours; and will  
set about it at once. Adieu, Sire. *[Exit.*

*Ham.* Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede ftudy a fpeech of fome dofen lines, or fixteene lines, which I would fet downe and infert in't, could you not?

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elfon-oure.*

*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

*Rof.* Good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Ham.* I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,  
O what a rogue and pefant flaue am I.  
Is it not monftrous that this player heere  
But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafion  
Could force his foule fo to his owne conceit  
That from her working all the viſage wand,  
Teares in his eyes, diftraction in his afpect,  
A broken voyce, an his whole function futing  
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,  
For *Hecuba.*

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,  
That he fhould weepe for her? what would he doe  
Had he the motiue, and that for pafion  
That I haue? he would drowne the ftage with teares,  
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,  
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede  
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,  
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,  
Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,  
And can fay nothing; no not for a King,  
Vpon whoſe property and moſt deare life,  
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,  
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a croſſe,  
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,  
Twekes me by the noſe, giues me the lie i'th throate  
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,  
Hah, ſ'wounds I fhould take it: for it cannot be  
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

*Hamlet.* These actors come most opportunely. Horatio, keep an eye on the King, and see whether he turn pale or change colour; for if he do, he has done the deed. These players, with their feigned stories, often put on the truth. I'll tell you a case in point. It happened in Germany, near Strasburg. A wife had murdered her husband by piercing him through the heart with a shoemaker's awl; and then, with the help of her paramour, buried him under the doorstep. So matters rested for nine long years; indeed, until certain actors came that way and acted a tragedy containing a similar murder. The wife, who was sitting with her paramour at the play, was pricked in her conscience and began to cry aloud and to shriek "Woe is me! that touches me! so it was that I killed my husband." She tore her hair, ran out of the theatre to the judge and confessed the murder, and, as her story was found to be true, she, in deep repentance for her crime, received the consolations of a priest, and, in true contrition, surrendered herself to the executioner and commended her soul to God. Perhaps my uncle-father would thus be led to expiation, if he be guilty. Come, Horatio, we will go and await the King. Pray, however, take note of everything, for I must play a part.

*Horatio.* Your Highness, I will bid my eyes keep a sharp look out.  
[*Exeunt.*]

To make opprefion bitter, or ere this  
 I fhould a fatted all the region kytes  
 With this flau'es offall, bloody bawdy villaine,  
 Why what an Affe am I, this is moft braue,  
 That I the fonne of a deere murthered,  
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,  
 Muft like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,  
 And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a itallyon, fie vppont, foh.  
 About my braines; hum, I haue heard,  
 That guilty creatures fitting at a play,  
 Haue by the very cunning of the fcene,  
 Beene fooke fo to the foule, that prefently  
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:  
 For murther, though it haue no tongue will fpeake  
 With moft miraculous organ: Ile haue thefe Players  
 Play fomething like the murther of my father  
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obferue his lookes,  
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench  
 I know my courfe. The fpirit that I haue feene  
 May be a deale, and the deale hath power  
 T'affume a pleafing fhape, yea, and perhaps,  
 Out of my weaknes, and my melancholy,  
 As he is very potent with fuch fpirits,  
 Abufes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds  
 More relative then this, the play's the thing  
 Wherein Ile catch the confcience of the King.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-  
 denfterne, Lords.*

*King.* An can you by no dirft of conference  
 Get from him why he puts on this confufion,  
 Grating fo harfhly all his dayes of quiet  
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

*Rof.* He dooes confefse he feelles himfelfe diftracted,  
 But from what caufe, a will by no meanes fpeake.

*Gyl.* Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,  
 But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe



When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Quee.* Did he receive you well?

*Rof.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guy.* But with much forcing of his disposition,

*Rof.* Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

*Quee.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Rof.* Maddam, it fell out that certaine Players  
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,  
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy  
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,  
And as I thinke, they haue already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* Tis most true,  
And he beseecht me to intreat your Majesties  
To heare and see the matter.

*King.* With all my hart,  
And it doth much content me  
To heare him so inclin'd.  
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose into these delights.

*Rof.* We shall my Lord.

*Exeunt Rof. & Guy.*

*King.* Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,  
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,  
That he as t'were by accident, may heere  
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,





Wee'le fo bestow our selves, that seeing vnfeene,  
 We may of their encounter franckly iudge,  
 And gather by him as he is behau'd,  
 Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no  
 That thus he suffers for.

*Quee.* I fhall obey you.  
 And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause  
 Of *Hamlets* wildnes, fo fhall I hope your vertues,  
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,  
 To both your honours.

*Oph.* Maddam, I wish it may.

*Pol.* *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious fo please you.

We will bestow our felues; reade on this booke,  
 That shew of such an exercise may cullour  
 Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,  
 Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage  
 And pious action, we doe fugar ore  
 The deuill himfelfe.

*King.* O tis too true,  
 How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.  
 The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,  
 Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,  
 Then is my deede to my most painted word:  
 O heauy burthen.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Pol.* I heare him coming, with-draw my Lord.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question,  
 Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer  
 The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe  
 No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end  
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall flocks  
 That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation

*Ophelia.* I pray Your Highness to take back the jewel with which  
you presented me.

Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe,  
 To ſleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,  
 For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come  
 When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle  
 Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect  
 That makes calamitie of ſo long life:  
 For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,  
 Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude mans contumely,  
 The pangs of deſpiz'd loue, the lawes delay,  
 The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes  
 That patient merriſh of th'vnuorthy takes,  
 When he himſelfe might his quietas make  
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,  
 To grunt and ſweat vnder a wearie life,  
 But that the dread of ſomething after death,  
 The vndiſcouer'd country, from whoſe borne  
 No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,  
 And makes vs rather beare thoſe illſ we haue,  
 Then flie to others that we know not of,  
 Thus conſcience dooes make cowards,  
 And thus the natiue hiew of reſolution  
 Is fickled ore with the pale caſt of thought,  
 And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,  
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
 And looſe the name of action. Soft you now,  
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons  
 Be all my finnes remembred.

*Oph.* Good my Lord,

How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

*Oph.* My lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,  
 I pray you now receiue them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

*Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
 And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd  
 As made theſe things more rich, their perfume loſt,

*Hamlet.* What, girl! dost thou want a husband? Get thee away from me—no, come back. Hear, girl; how young women do nothing but lead the young men astray. Your beauty you buy of the apothecaries and peddlers. Listen: I will tell you a story. There was once on a time a knight in Union, who fell in love with a lady, who, to look at, was the Goddess Venus. Somewhen, when the bedtime came, the bride went first, and began to undress herself. So first she took out an eye which had been fixed in very cunningly; then her front teeth, made of ivory, so well that the life were not to be seen; then she washed herself, and away went all the paint she had daubed herself with. And now, when the husband came at last to embrace her, the moment he saw her he shrank back, for he thought he had seen a sceptre. And so it is that such as you take in the young fellows. So listen to me. But stay, girl! No—go! but not to a nunnery where two pairs of slippers be at the bedside. [Exit.

Take theſe againe, for to the noble mind  
 Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,  
 There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honeſt.

*Oph.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Oph.* What meanes your Lordſhip?

*Ham.* That if you be honeſt & faire, you ſhould admit  
 no diſcourſe to your beautie.

*Oph.* Could beauty my Lord haue better comerſe  
 Then with honeſtie?

*Ham.* I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transforme honeſtie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honeſtie can tranſlate beautie into his likenes, this was ſometime a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

*Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue ſo.

*Ham.* You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot ſo enoculat our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it, I loued you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceiued.

*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry, why would'ſt thou be a breeder of finners, I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe mee of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them ſhape, or time to aſt them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doores be ſhut vpon him,  
 That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,  
 Farewell.

*Oph.* O helpe him you ſweet heauens.

*Corambus.* Is he not perfectly and veritably mad, my gracious Lord and King?

*King.* Corambus, leane vs. When we have need of thee we will send for thee. [*Exit Corambus.*] We haue seen this madness and rauing of the Prince's with wonder. But it seems to us that this is not genuine madness, but, rather affectation of it. We must contriue that he be got rid of; otherwise harm may come of this sort of thing.

*Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wife men knowe well enough what monstres you make of them; to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

*Oph.* Heauenly powers restore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & ambel, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

*Oph.* O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!  
The Courtiers, fouldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,  
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,  
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,  
And I of Ladies most reiect and wretched,  
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;  
Now see what noble and most foueraigne reason  
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,  
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth  
Blasted with extacie, o woe is mee  
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

*Exit,*

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,  
Not what he speake, though it lackt forme a little,  
Was not like madness, there's something in his foule  
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood.  
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclosure  
VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,  
I haue in quick determination

*Hamlet.* It is better to haue all the properties. But pardon me and listen. You do not alwayes haue the chance of hearing your critic's opinion of you. Some of them had silk stockings and white shoes, but black hats on their heads; and about as many feathers below as aboue. I think they must haue gone to bed with them for nightcaps. That's bad, but easily altered; and tell some of them that when they act the part of a king or a prince they should not leer when they pay compliments to ladies, or strut like peacocks or Spanish Hidalgos. Rank laughs at such things. Natural ease is the best. He who plays a king must fancy that during the play he is a king; and a peasant must be a peasant.

*Carl.* I take your Highness's correction with humble respect. We will try to do better for the future.



Thus fet it downe: he fhall with fpeede to *England*,  
 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,  
 Haply the seas, and countries different,  
 With variable obiects, fhall expell  
 This fomething fetled matter in his hart,  
 Whereon his braines ftill beating  
 Puts him thus from fafhion of himfelfe.  
 What thinke you on't?

*Pol.* It fhall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,  
 Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?  
 You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* faid,  
 We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,  
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,  
 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him  
 To fhew his grieffe, let her be round with him,  
 And Ile be plac'd (fo please you) in the care  
 Of all their conference, if she find him not,  
 To *England* fend him: or confine him where  
 Your wifedome beft fhall thinke.

*King.* It fhall be fo.

Madness in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the fpeech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer fpoke my lines, nor doe not faw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may fay, whirlwind of your paffion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothneffe, o it offends mee to the foule, to heare a robusitious perwig-pated fellowe tere a paffion to totters, to very rags, to fpleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the moft part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would haue fuch a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

*Player.* I warrant your honour.

*Hamlet.* My excellent friend Horatio, it is through this pretended madness that I hope for an opportunity of revenging my father's death. You know, however, that my father is always surrounded by guards. So it may miscarry. Should you chance to find my dead body, let it be honorably buried: for at the first occasion I will match myself against him.

*Horatio.* I entreat Your Highness to do no such thing. It may be that the Ghost has deceived you.

*Hamlet.* Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, fute the a<sup>c</sup>tion to the word, the word to the a<sup>c</sup>tion, with this speciall obferuance, that you ore-ſteppe not the modeſtie of nature: For any thing ſo ore-doone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at the firſt, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to ſhow vertue her feature; ſcorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure; Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnſkilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others, O there be Players that I haue ſeene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie ſo abhominably.

*Player.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barraine ſpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered, that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the foole that vſes it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

*Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, & Roſencraus.*

*Pol.* And the Queene to, and that preſently.

*Ham.* Bid the Players make haſt. Will you two help to haſten the,

*Roſ.* I my Lord.

*Exeunt they two.*

*Ham.* What howe, *Horatio*.

*Enter Horatio.*

*Hora.* Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſeruice.

*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art een as iuſt a man.

As ere my conuerſation copt withall.

*Hor.* O my deere Lord.

*Ham.* Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,

For what aduancement may I hope from thee  
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits

*Hamlet.* O no! his words were too plain. I cannot but believe him. But what news is the fool bringing now?

*Hamlet.* Come, Horatio, I am going; and from this hour, all my thought shall be to find the King alone, that I may take his life as he has taken my father's.

*Horatio.* My Lord, be prudent, lest you yourself should come to harm.

*Hamlet.* These actors come just in time. I will use them to test the Ghost; whether or no it has told the truth. I have seen a tragedy acted wherein one brother kills another in a garden; this they shall act. If the King change color, that will verify what the Ghost says.

I shall, I must, I will revenge the murderous fact.

If not by stratagem, I will break out in act.

To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lieke absurd pompe,  
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee  
 Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,  
 Since my deare foule was miſtris of her choice,  
 And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,  
 S'hath feald thee for herſelfe, for thou haſt been  
 As one in ſuffring all that ſuffers nothing,  
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards  
 Haſt tane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe  
 Whoſe blood and iudgment are ſo well comedled,  
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger  
 To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe; giue me that man  
 That is not paſſions ſlaue, and I will weare him

In my harts core, I in my hart of hart  
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,  
 There is a play to night before the King,  
 One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance  
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,  
 I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,  
 Euen with the very comment of thy foule  
 Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt  
 Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,  
 It is a damned gholt that we haue ſcene,  
 And my imaginations are as foule  
 As *Vulcans* fithy; giue him heedfull note,  
 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face.  
 And after we will both our iudgements ioyne  
 In censure of his ſeeming.

*Hor.* Well my Lord,  
 If a ſteale ought the whilſt this play is playing  
 And ſcape detected, I will play the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,  
 Polonius, Ophelia.*

*Ham.* They are comming to the play. I muſt be idle,  
 Get you a place.

*King.* My most dear consort. I trust that you will now give over your sorrowing and let pleasure take its place. For there will now be before supper a comedy by the German actors, followed after supper by a grand ballet.

*Queen.* I shall be happy to witness these entertainments. But, as for myself, I am filled with a foreboding of something, I know not what, that approaches swiftly.

*King.* Be at peace. Prince Hamlet, we understand that some actors have arrived to present a comedy to us this evening—is it not so?

*Hamlet.* Yes, father. They asked permission of me and I have given it, and Your Majesty will, I trust, approve my acts.

*King.* What kind of a plot is it? There is nothing offensive or vulgar in it, I hope.

*Hamlet.* The plot is a good one. It cannot affect us whose consciences are not affected by it.

*King.* Well, where are they. Let them hasten. We will be glad to see what Germans can do.

*Hamlet.* Marshall—Let the actors begin as soon as they are ready.

*King.* How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,  
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

*King.* I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet*,  
Thefe words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.  
You playd once i'th Vniuerfitie you fay,

*Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,  
*Brutus* kild mee.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,  
Be the Players readie?

*Rof.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Ger.* Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, fit by me.

*Ham.* No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

*Pol.* O ho, doe you marke that.

*Ham.* Lady shall I lie in your lap?

*Oph.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

*Oph.* I thinke nothing my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

*Oph.* What is my Lord.

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Oph.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but  
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my  
father died within's two howres.

*Oph.* Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

*Ham.* So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a  
fute of fables; o heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,  
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a  
yeere, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer

*Here enter the play. The King and Queen enter lovingly together. He makes as if about to lie down to sleep and the Queen seems to beg him not to do so. He, however, lies down and presently falls asleep. After he is asleep the Queen kisses him—and exit. The King's brother enters, pours something into the King's ear from a small bottle—and exit.*



not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for a, for o,  
the hobby-horfe is forgot.

*The Trumpets founds. Dumbc showe followes:*

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him; anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes a passionate action, the poyfner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyfner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.*

*Oph.* VVhat meanes this my Lord?

*Ham.* Marry this munching Mallico, it meanes mischief.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

*Oph.* Will a tell vs what this show meant?

*Ham.* I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

*Prologue.* For vs and for our Tragedie,  
Heere stooping to your clemence,  
We begge your hearing patiently.

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

*Oph.* Tis breefe my Lord.

*Ham.* As womans loue.

*Enter King and Queene.*

*King.* Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round  
*Neptunes* salt wafh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,  
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene  
About the world haue times twelue thirties been  
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands  
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.



*Queen.* So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone  
 Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,  
 But woe is me, you are, fo ficke of late,  
 So farre from cheere, and from our former ftate,  
 That I diftruft you, yet though I diftruft,  
 Difcomfort you my Lord it nothing muft.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,  
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,  
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,  
 Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,  
 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is fo,  
 Where loue is great, the littleft doubts are feare,  
 Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

*King.* Faith I muft leaue thee loue, and fhortly to,  
 My operant powers their functions leaue to do,  
 And thou fhalt liue in this faire world behind,  
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,  
 For husband fhalt thou.

*Quee.* O confound the reft,  
 Such loue muft needes be treafon in my brest,  
 In fecond husband let me be accurft,  
 None wed the fecond, but who kild the firft,  
 The instances that fecond marriage moue  
 Are bafe refpects of thrift, but none of loue,  
 A fecond time I kill my husband dead,  
 When fecond husband kifses me in bed.

*Ham.* That's  
 wormwood

*King.* I doe belieue you thinke what now you fpeake,  
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,  
 Purpofe is but the flauie to memorie,  
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,  
 Which now the fruits vnripe fticks on the tree,  
 But fall vnfhaken when they mellow bee.  
 Moft neceffary tis that we forget  
 To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,  
 What to our felues in pafion we propofe,



The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,  
 The violence of eyther, grieve, or ioy,  
 Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,  
 Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,  
 Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,  
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,  
 That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:  
 For tis a question left vs yet to proue,  
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,  
 The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,  
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,  
 For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,  
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
 Directly seasons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begunne,  
 Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,  
 That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,  
 So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,  
 But die thy thoughts when they first Lord is dead.

*Quee.* Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,  
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,  
 To desperation turne my trust and hope,  
 And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,  
 Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,  
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,  
 Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should  
 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

*King.* Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,  
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
 The tedious day with sleepe.

*Quee.* Sleepe rock thy braine,  
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Hamlet.* This is King Phrrus, who goes into the garden to sleep. The Queen begs him not to do so, but neuertheless he lies down. The poor little wife goes away. See, there comes the brother of the King with iuice of Hebanon. He pours it into the King's ear. Hebanon, as soon as it mixes with the blood of a man, kills him instantly.

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Quee.* The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

*Ham.* O but shee'le keepe her word.

*King.* Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

*King.* What doe you call the play?

*Ham.* The Moufetrapp, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

*Enter Lucianus.*

*Oph.* You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your loue

If I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keene my lord, you are keene.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

*Oph.* Still better and worfe.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,  
 Considerat season els no creature feeling,  
 Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,  
 VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,  
 Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,  
 On wholsome life vsurps immediately.

*Ham.* A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Oph.* The King rises.

*King.* Torchés, lanterns, here! The play does not please me.

*Cor.* Pages, attendants! light the torches. The King desires to depart. Hurry, light those lights. The actors have made a bad mess of things.

*Exeunt King, Queen, Corambis and the Court.*

*Hamlet* (mocking): Torchés here! The play does not please us! Now how see the ghost did not lie to me! Horatio! Now Actors how can take your leave. The King was displeased, it seems, before you had concluded the piece, but we are entirely satisfied, and Horatio will pay you your earnings just the same.

*Carl.* We thank you, and desire that our passports be given us.

[*Exeunt the Actors.*]

*Hamlet.* You shall have them. Now I can proceed with my revenge confidently. Did you see how the King changed color when he perceived the drift of the play?

*Horatio.* Yes, Your Highness. I regard the proof as conclusive!

*Hamlet.* And so my father was murdered, just as the play describes. But I will be quits with the murderer.

*Cor.* The actors will get a poor reward for their acting has intensely displeased the King.

*Ham.* The worse they are rewarded by the King, the better they will be rewarded by Heaven.

*Corambus.* Your Highness, do actors really get into Heaven?

*Hamlet.* Think you, you old fool, that they won't find a corner there? Be off, and treat them well.



*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Giue ore the play.

*King.* Giue me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,  
The Hart vngauled play,  
For some must watch while some must sleepe,  
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Rofes on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere  
This Realme difmantled was  
Of *Ioue* himfelfe, and now raignes heere  
A very very paiock.

*Hora.* You might haue rym'd.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did't perceiue?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,  
For if the King like not the Comedie,  
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.  
Come, some musique.

*Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.*



*Guyl.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir a whole hiftorie.

*Guyl.* The King fir.

*Ham.* I fir, what of him?

*Guyl.* Is in his retirement meruilous diftempred.

*Ham.* With drinke fir?

*Guyl.* No my Lord, with choller,

*Ham.* Your wifdome fhould fhewe it felfe more richer to fignifie this to the Doctor, for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

*Guyl.* Good my Lord put your difcourfe into fome frame,  
And ftare not fo wildly from my affaire.

*Ham.* I am tame fir, pronounce.

*Guyl.* The Queene your mother in moft great affliction of fpirit,  
hath fent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guyl.* Nay good my Lord, this curtefie is not of the right breede,  
if it fhall pleafe you to make me a wholfome aunfwere, I will doe  
your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne,  
fhall be the end of bufines.

*Ham.* Sir I cannot.

*Rof.* What my Lord.

*Ham.* Make you a wholfome anfwer, my wits difeafed, but fir, fuch  
anfwere as I can make, you fhall command or rather as you fay, my  
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you fay.

*Rof.* Then thus fhe fayer, your behauiour hath ftrooke her into a-  
mazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful fonne that can fo ftonish a mother, but is  
there no fequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

*Rof.* She defires to fpeak with you in her clofet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We fhall obey, were fhe ten times our mother, haue you  
any further trade with vs?

*Rof.* My Lord, you once did loue me.

*Ham.* And doe ftill by thefe pickers and ftealers.



*Rof.* Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper, you do furely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lacke aduancement.

*Rof.* How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe for your fuccefsion in Denmarke.

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*

*Ham.* I fir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is fomething mufty, o the Recorders, let mee fee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

*Guyl.* O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

*Ham.* I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

*Guyl.* My lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guyl.* Beleeue me I cannot.

*Ham.* I doe befeech you.

*Guyl.* I know no touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as eafie as lying; gouerne thefe ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil difcourfe moft eloquent mufique, looke you, thefe are the ftops.

*Guil.* But thefe cannot I command to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

*Ham.* Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would feeme to know my ftops, you would plucke out the hart of my miftery, you would found mee from my loweft note to my compaffe and there is much mufique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it fpeak, s'hlood do you think I am eafier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what inftument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you fir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, the Queene would fpeake with you, & prefently.

*Ham.* Do you fee yonder clowd that's almoft in fhape of a Camel?

*Pol.* By'th maffe and tis, like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.



*Pol.* It is backt like a Wezell.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother by and by,  
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,  
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,  
Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,  
And doe such busines as the bitter day  
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,  
O hart loofe not thy nature, let not euer  
The foule of *Nero* enter this firme bofome,  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,  
My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,  
How in my words someuer she be fhent,  
To giue them feales neuer my foule consent.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Rosencraus, and Gwyldensterne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs  
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,  
I your commiffion will forth-with dispatch,  
And he to *England* shall along with you,  
The termes of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so neer's as doth houely grow  
Out of his browes.

*Guy.* We will our felues provide.  
Most holy and religious feare it is  
To keepe those many many bodies safe  
That liue and feede vpon you Maiestie,

*Ros.* The single and peculier life is bound  
With all the strength and armour of the mind  
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more  
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests  
The liues of many, the cefse of Maiestie

*An altar in a Temple. King. Now begins my conscience to awaken; the remorse for my treachery stings deep. It is time that I turn to repentance, and confess to Heaven my crime. I fear my guilt is too great for forgiveness. But I will pray to the Gods fervently to forgive my grievous sins.* *[Kneels before the altar.]*



Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw  
 What's neere it, with it, or it is a mafsie wheele  
 Fixt on the fomnet of the higheft mount,  
 To whofe hough fpokes, tenne thoufand leffer things  
 Are morteift and adioynd, which when it falls,  
 Each fmall annexment petty confequence  
 Attends the boyftrous raine, neuer alone  
 Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you I pray to this fpeedy viage,  
 For we will fetters put about this feare  
 Which now goes too free-footed.

*Rof.* We will haft vs.

*Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clofet,  
 Behind the Arras I'll conuay my felfe.  
 To heare the proceffe, I'll warrant fhee'll tax him home,  
 And as you sayd, and wifely was it fayd,  
 Tis meete that fome more audience then a mother,  
 Since nature makes them parciall, fhould ore-heare  
 The fpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,  
 I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.  
 And tell you what I knowe.

*Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.  
 O my offence is ranck, it fmels to heauen,  
 It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont,  
 A brothers murther, pray can I not,  
 Though inclination be as fharp as will,  
 My ftronger guilt defeats my ftrong entent,  
 And like a man to double bufines bound,  
 I ftand in pause where I fhall firft beginne,  
 And both neglect, what if this curfed hand  
 Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood  
 Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens  
 To wafh it white as fnowe, whereto ferues mercy  
 But to confront the viſage of offence?  
 And what's in prayer but this two fold force,

Thus long haue I followed the damned dog, and now I haue found him. Now is the time, when he is alone. I will take his life while—— [*makes motion to stab him*]. But no. I will first let him finish his prayer. Ha, when I think of it, he did not giue my father time for prayer, but sent him to Hell sleeping and, perhaps, in his sins. Therefore will I send him to the same place [*again offers to run him through from behind*]. But hold, Hamlet. Why shouldst thou take his sins vpon thee? I will let him end his prayer, and escape this time, and giue him his life: at some other time I will haue my full reuenge. [*Exit.*]

*King.* My conscience is somewhat lightened; but still the dog lies gnawing at my heart. Now will I go hence, and with fastings and alms and feruent prayers reconcile the Highest. Cursed ambition, to what hast thou brought me! [*Exit.*]

To be foretalled ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon being downe, then Ple looke vp.  
 My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer  
 Can serue my turne, forgiue me my soule murther,  
 That cannot be since I am still possesse  
 Of those effects for which I did the murther;  
 My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;  
 May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world,  
 Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,  
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe  
 Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,  
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
 In his true nature, and we our selues compeld  
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
 To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,  
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,  
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
 O wretched state, o bosome blacke as death,  
 O lined foule, that struggling to be free,  
 Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make affay,  
 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with firings of steale,  
 Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,  
 All may be well.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,  
 And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,  
 And so am I reuendge, that would be scand  
 A villaine kills my father, and for that,  
 I his sole foune, doe this same villaine fend  
 To heauen.  
 Why, this is bafe and filly, not reuendge,  
 A tooke my father grossly full of bread,  
 Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,  
 And how his audit stand who knowes faue heauen,  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,

*Queen.* Corambus, say, how is it with my son, Prince Hamlet? Does his madnes at all relax, or will his raving neuer end?

*Corambus.* No, alas! Your Majesty, he is just as mad as ever.

*Horatio.* Most gracious Oveen, Prince Hamlet is in the antechamber, and craues a private audience.

*Queen.* He is uezey dear to vs; so let him come in at once.

*Horatio.* It shall be done, Your Majesty. [Exit.

*Queen.* Corambus, hide yourself behind the tapestry till we call you.

*Corambus.* Ay, ay, your Majesty, I will. [Hides himself.

*Hamlet.* Mother, did you know your late husband well?

*Queen.* Ah, remind me not of my former grief. I cannot but weep when I think of it.

*Hamlet.* Weep! Leauze off weeping. They are but crockodile's tears.

Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged  
 To take him in the purging of his foule,  
 When he is fit and feasoned for his paffage ?  
 No.

Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,  
 When he is drunke, afleepe, or in his rage,  
 Or in th'inceftious pleafure of his bed,  
 At game a fwearing, or about fome act  
 That has no relifh of faluation in't,  
 Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,  
 And that his foule may be as damned and black  
 As hell whereto it goes; my mother ftaiues,  
 This phifick but prolongs thy fickly daies.

*Exit.*

*King.* My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe  
 Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

*Pol.* A will come ftrait, looke you lay home to him,  
 Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,  
 And that your grace hath fcreend and ftood between  
 Much heate and him, Ile filence me euen heere,  
 Pray you be round.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ger.* Ile wait you, feare me not.  
 With-drawe, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter?

*Ger.* *Hamlet*, thou haft thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Goe, goe, you queftion with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Ger.* Haue you forgot me?

*Ham.* No by the rood not fo,  
 You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
 And would it were not fo, you are my mother.

But see. Yonder in that gallery hangs the counterfeit of your first husband, and there hangs the counterfeit of your present. What thinkest thou? Which is the nobler of the two? Is not the first a majestic nobleman?

*Queen.* He is, indeed. That is true.

*Hamlet.* And yet thou hast so soon forgotten him. Fie, for shame! You have almost on the same day the burial and the betrothal. But, hush; are all the doors locked?

*Queen.* Why do you ask? [*Corambus coughs behind the tapestry.*]

*Hamlet.* Who is that who is listening to us? [*Stabs him.*]

*Corambus.* Woe is me, O Prince. What hast thou done? I am killed.

*Queen.* O Heavens! my son, what have you done? It is Corambus, the Chamberlain.

*Ger.* Nay then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not boudge.  
You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe  
Where you may fee the moft part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,  
Helpe how.

*Pol.* What how helpe.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

*Pol.* O I am flaine.

*Ger.* O me, what haft thou done?

*Ham.* Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

*Ger.* O what a rafh and bloody deede is this.

*Ham.* A bloody deede, almoft as bad, good mother  
As kill a King, and mary with his brother.

*Ger.* As kill a King.

*Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rafh, intruding foole farwell,  
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,  
Thou find'ft to be too bufie is fome danger,  
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,  
And let we wring your hart, for fo I fhall  
If it be made of penetrable ftuffe,  
If damned cuftome haue not brafd it fo,  
That it be prooffe and bulwark againft fence.

*Ger.* What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue  
In noife fo rude againft me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurres the grace and blufh of modefty,  
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rofe  
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  
And fets a blifter there, makes marriage vowes  
As falfe as dicers oathes, o fuch a deede,  
As from the body of contraction plucks





The very foule, and sweet religion makes  
 A rapfedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe  
 Are this folidity and compound maffe  
 With heated vifage, as againft the doome  
 Is thought fick at the act

*Quee.* Ay me, what act?

*Ham.* That roares fo low'd, and thunders in the Index,  
 Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,  
 The counterfeit prefentment of two brothers,  
 See what a grace was feated on this browe,  
*Hiperions* curles, the front of *Ioue* himfelfe,  
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,  
 A ftation like the herald *Mercury*,  
 New lighted on a heaue, a kifsing hill,  
 A combination, and a forme indeede,  
 Where euery God did feeme to fet his feale  
 To giue the world affurance of a man,  
 This was your husband, looke you now what followes.  
 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,  
 Blafting his wholfome brother, haue you eyes,  
 Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,  
 And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?  
 You cannot call it loue, for at your age  
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits vpon the iudgment, and what iudgment  
 Would ftep from this to this, fense fure youe haue  
 Els could you not haue motion, but fure that fence  
 Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre  
 Nor fence to extacie was nere fo thral'd  
 But it referu'd fome quantity of choife  
 To ferue in fuch a difference, what deuill waft  
 That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight.  
 Eares without hands, or eyes, fmelling fance all,  
 Or but a fickly part of one true fence  
 Could not fo mope: o fhame where is thy blufh?  
 Rebellious hell,

*Ghost passes across the stage. [Thunder and lightning.]*

*Hamlet.* Ah, noble spirit of my father, stay. What would'st thou?  
Griest thou still to be reuenged? Thou shalt be at the right time.

*Queen.* How is it with you? Who are you talking to?

*Hamlet.* Seest thou not the spirit of thy departed husband? See, he beckons as if he would speak to you.

*Queen.* Alas! I see nothing.

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,  
 To flaming youth let vertue be as wax  
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no flame  
 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,  
 Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,  
 And reason pardons will.

*Ger.* O *Hamlet* speake no more,  
 Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,  
 And there I see such blacke and greeued spots  
 As will leaue there their tin'ct.

*Ham.* Nay but to liue  
 In the ranck sweate of an infeemed bed  
 Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue  
 Ouer the nasty stie.

*Ger.* O speake to me no more,  
 These words like daggers enter in my eares,  
 No more sweete *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* A murther and a villaine,  
 A flauie that is not twentieth part the kyth.  
 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,

A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,  
 That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole  
 And put it in his pocket.

*Ger.* No more.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* A King of fhreds and patches,  
 Saue me and houer ore me with your wings  
 You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

*Ger.* Alas hee's mad.

*Ham.* Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,  
 That lap't in time and passion lets goe by  
 Th'important acting of your dread command, o say,

*Hamlet.* I belieue you see nothing, for you are no longer worthy to look on his form. Fie, for shame? Not one word more will I say to you. *[Exit.*

*Queen (alone).* O God! what madness has this melancholy brought vpon the Prince? Alas, my own son has totally lost his senses. And, alas! alas! I am much to blame. Had I not wedded my brother-in-law, my first husband's brother, I had not robbed my son of the crown

*Ghoſt.* Doe not forget, this viſitation  
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe,  
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,  
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting ſoule,  
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes,  
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* How is it with you Lady?

*Ger.* Alas how i't with you?  
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,  
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe,  
Foorth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,  
And as the ſleeping ſouldiers in the alarme,  
Your bedded haire like life in excrements  
Start vp and ſtand an end, o gentle ſonne  
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper  
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

*Ham.* On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,  
His forme and cauſe conioynd, preaching to ſtones  
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,  
Leaſt with this pittious action you conuert  
My fearne effect, then what I haue to doe  
Will want true cullour, tears perchanſe for blood.

*Ger.* To whom doe you ſpeake this?

*Ham.* Doe you ſee nothing there?

*Ger.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing heare?

*Ger.* No nothing but our felues.

*Ham.* Why looke you there, looke how it ſcales away,  
My father in his habit as he liued,  
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*

*Ger.* This is the very coynage of your braine,  
This bodileſſe creation extacie is very cunning in.



*Ham.* My pulfe as yours doth temporarily keepe time.  
And makes as healthfull muficke, it is not madneffe  
That I haue vttered, bring me to the teft,  
And the matter will reword, which madneffe  
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,  
Lay not that flattering vnction to your foule  
That not your trespaffe but my madneffe fpeakes,  
It will but skin and filme the vlcrous place  
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within  
Infects vnfeene, confeffe your felfe to heauen,  
Repent what's paff, auoyd what is to come,  
And doe not fspread the compoft on the weedes  
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.  
For in the fatneffe of thefe purfie times  
Vertue it felfe of vice muft pardon beg,  
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

*Ger.* O *Hamlet* thou haft cleft my hart in twaine.

*Ham.* O throwe away the worfer part of it,  
And leaue the purer with the other halfe.  
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,  
Afiune a vertue if you haue it not,  
That monfter custome, who all fence doth eate  
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this  
That to the ufe of actions fair and good,  
He likewife giues a frock or Liuary  
That aptly is put on to refraine night,  
And that fhall lend a kind of eafines  
To the next abftinence, the next more eafie:  
For vfe almoft can change the ftamp of nature,  
And either the deuill, or throwe him out  
With wondrous potency: once more good night,  
And when you are defirous to be bleft,  
Ile bleffing beg of you, for this fame Lord  
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleafd it fo  
To punifh me with this, and this with me.  
That I muft be their fcourge and minifter,  
I will beftowe him and will anfwere well

of Denmark. But when a thing is done what can we? Nothing. Matters must stand as they are. If the Pope had not allowed the marriage it would neuer haue taken place. I will go hence, and do my best to restore my son to his former sense and health.



The death I gaue him ; fo againe good night  
 I muft be cruell only to be kinde,  
 This bad beginnes, and worfe remaines behind.  
 One word more good Lady.

*Ger.* What fhall I doe?

*Ham.* Not this by no means that I bid you doe,  
 Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,  
 Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Moufe,  
 And let him for a paire of reechie kifses,  
 Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.  
 Make your to rouell all this matter out  
 That I effentially am not in madneffe,  
 But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,  
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, fober, wife,  
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
 Such deare concernings hide, who would doe fo,  
 No, in difpight of fence and fecrecy,  
 Vnpeg the basket on the houfes top,  
 Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,  
 To try conclufions in the basket creepe,  
 And breake your owne necke downe.

*Ger.* Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath  
 And breath of life, I haue no life to breath  
 What thou haft fayd to me.

*Ham.* I muft to *England*, you knowe that.

*Ger.* Alack I had forgot.

Tis fo concluded on.

*Ham.* Ther's letters feald, and my two Schoolefellowes,  
 Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,  
 They beare the mandat, they muſt ſweep my way  
 And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,  
 For tis the ſport to haue the enginer  
 Hoift with his owne petar, an't fhall goe hard  
 But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,  
 And blowe them at the Moone: o tis moſt ſweete  
 When in one line two crafts directly meete,



This man fhall fet me packing,  
 Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;  
 Mother good night indeed, this Counfayler  
 Is now moft ftill, moft fecret, and moft graue,  
 Who was in life a moft foolifh prating knaue,  
 Come fir, to draw toward an end with you,  
 Good night mother.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus  
 and Guildensterne*

*King.* There's matter in thefe fighes, thefe profound heaues,  
 You muft tranflate, tis fit we vnderftand them,  
 Where is your fonne?

*Ger.* Beftow this place on vs a little while.  
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I feene to night?

*King.* What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

*Ger.* Mad as the fea and wind when both contend  
 Which is the mightier, in his lawleffe fit,  
 Behind the Arras hearing fome thing ftirre,  
 Whypes out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,  
 And in this brainifh apprehenfion kills  
 The vnfeene good old man.

*King.* O heauy deede!  
 It had beene fo with vs had wee been there,  
 His libertie is full of threates to all,  
 To you your felfe, to vs, to euery one,  
 Alas, how fhall this bloody deede be answer'd?  
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence  
 Should haue kept fhort, reftained, and out of haunt  
 Thic mad young man: but fo much was our loue,  
 We would not vnderftand what was moft fit,  
 But like the owner of a foule difeafe  
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede  
 Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

*Ger.* To draw apart the body he hath kild,  
 Ore whom, his very madnes like fome ore  
 Among a minerall of mettals bafe,  
 Showes it felfe pure, a weepes for what is done.



*King.* O *Gertrard*, come away,  
 The funne no fooner fhall the mountaines touch,  
 But we will fhipe him hence, and this vile deede  
 We muft with all our Maieftie and skill *Enter Roſ. & Guild*  
 Both countenaunce and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,  
 Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,  
*Hamlet* in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,  
 And from his mothers cloſet hath he dreg'd him,  
 Goe feeke him out ſpeake fayre, and bring the body  
 Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,  
 Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call vp our wiſeſt friends,  
 And let them know both what we meane to doe  
 And whats vntimely doone,  
 Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds dyameter,  
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanke,  
 Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our Name,  
 And hit the woundleſſe ayre, o come away,  
 My foule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus and others.*

*Ham.* Safely ſtowd, but ſoft, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet*?  
 O heere they come.

*Roſ.* What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compound it with duſt whereto tis kin.

*Roſ.* Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,  
 And beare it to the Chappell.

*Ham.* Doe not beleuee it.

*Roſ.* Beleuee what.

*Ham.* That I can keepe your counſaile & not mine owne beſides  
 to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what reſplication ſhould be made by  
 the ſonne of a King.

*Roſ.* Take you me for a ſunge my Lord?

*Ham.* I fir, that fokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his  
 authorities, but ſuch Officers doe the King beſt ſervice in the end, he  
 keepeſ them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be  
 laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but  
 ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

*Roſ.* I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

*King.* Where is the body of Corambus? Has it not yet been remoued?

*Horatio.* He is still lying in the place where he was stabbed through.

*King.* It grieues vs that he has lost his life so suddenly. Go, let it be taken away. Let it be nobly buried. Oh, Prince Hamlet, what hast thou done to stab an old and harmless man! It grieues vs to our heart; but as it has been done unwittingly, this murder is in some degree excusable. I fear, however, that when it gets known among the nobles, they will raise a rebellion among my subjects; and then they may reuenge his death on you. However, in our fatherlike care for you, we haue deuised a plan to ward off this danger from you.

*Hamlet.* I am sorry for it, my Lord Uncle and Father. I had wished to say something in priuate to the Queen, when he lay in wait for me as a spy. I did not, however, know that it was this silly old fool. But how would your Majesty haue us do?

*King.* We haue resolved to send you to England because the English Crown is friendly to our own. You can there refresh yourself for awhile, since the air there is better than ours and may promote your recovery. We will giue you some of our own attendants, who shall accompany you and serue you faithfully.

*Hamlet.* Ah, ah, King, send me off to Portugal; so that I may neuer come back again. That's the better plan.

*King.* No, not to Portugal, but to England; and those two shall accompany you on the journey. But when you arrive in England you shall haue more attendants.

*Hamlet.* Those are the lackeys, are they? Nice fellows!

*King* [apart to the two attendants].

*Ham.* I am glad of it, a knauifh fpeech fleepes in a foolish eare.

*Rof.* My Lord, you muft tell us where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

*Guy.* A thing my Lord.

*Ham.* Of nothing, bring me to him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter King, and two or three.*

*King.* I haue fent to feeke him, and to find the body,  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe,  
Yet muft not we put the ftrong Law on him,  
Hee's lou'd of the diftracted multitude,  
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,  
And where tis fo, th' offenders fcouge is wayed  
But neuer the offence: to beare all fsmooth and euen,  
This fuddaine fending him away muft feeme  
Deliebrate paufe, difeafes desperat growne,  
By desperate applyance are relieu'd  
Or not at all.

*Enter Rofencraus and all the rest.*

*King.* How now, what hath befallne?

*Rof.* Where the dead body is beftowed my Lord  
VVe cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is hee?

*Rof.* Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure

*King.* Bring him before vs.

*Rof.* How, bring in the Lord.

*They enter.*

*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

*King.* Now *Hamlet* where's *Polonius*?

*Ham.* At fupper.

*King.* At fupper, where.

*Ham.* Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certainte conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our felues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two difhes but to one table, that's the end,





*King.* Alas, alas.

*Ham.* A man may fih with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fih that hath fedde of that worme.

*King.* *King.* VVhat dooft thou meane by this?

*Ham.* Nothing but to fhew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.

*King.* Where is *Polonius*?

*Ham.* In heauen, fend thether to see, if your meffenger finde him not there, feeke him i'th other place your felfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you fhall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

*King.* Goe feeke him there.

*Ham.* A will stay till you come.

*King.* *Hamlet* this deede for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue For that which thou haft done, must fend thee hence. Therefore prepare thy felfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'affociats tend, and euery thing is bent For *England*.

*Ham.* For *England*.

*King.* I *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it if thou knew'ft our purpofes.

*Ham.* I fee a Cherub that fees the, but come for *England*. Farewell deere Mother.

*King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flefh, fo my mother : Come for *England*.

*Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foote.  
Tempt him with speede aboard,

Listen, you two. As soon as you have reached England do as I have ordered you. Get a sword or a pistol each and take his life. But should this attempt miscarry, take this letter and present it along with the Prince to the place for which it is addressed. There he will be so well looked to that he will never come back from England again. But in this point use secrecy. Reveal your business to no one. You shall receive your reward when you return.

*Hamlet.* Well, Your Majesty, who are they, then, that are to bear me company?

*King.* These two. The Gods be with you; and give you a fair wind for your destination.

*Hamlet.* Now adieu, Lady Mother.

*King.* How is this, Prince? why do you call me Mother?

*Hamlet.* Man and wife are one flesh. Father or Mother—it is all the same to me.

*King.* Well! fare thee well. Heaven attend you. [Exit.]

*Hamlet.* Now, you noble flunkies, are you to be my companions?

*Both.* We are, my Lord.

*Hamlet.* Come, then, my noble comrades, let us be off for England. [Exeunt.]

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.  
 Away, for euery thing is feald and done  
 That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haft,  
 And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ft at ought,  
 As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,  
 Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,  
 After the Danifh fword and thy free awe  
 Payes homage to vs, thou mayft not coldly fet  
 Our foueraigne proceffe, which imports at full  
 By Letters congruing to that effect  
 The prefent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,  
 For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,  
 And thou muft cure me ; till I know tis done,  
 How ere my haps my ioyes will nere begin.

*Exit.*

*Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the stage.*

*Fortin.* Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King.  
 Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*  
 Craues the conueyance of a promifed march  
 Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous  
 If that his Maieftie would ought with vs.  
 We fhall exprefse our dutie in his eye,  
 And let him know fo.

*Cap.* I will doo't my Lord.

*For.* Goe foftly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.*

*Ham.* Good fir whole powers are theſe?

*Cap.* They are of *Norway* fir.

*Ham.* How purpoſed fir I pray you?

*Cap.* Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

*Ham.* Who commaunds them fir?

*Cap.* The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

*Ham.* Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,  
 Or for ſome frontire?

*Cap.* Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,  
 We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

*Jens.* It is so long since I went to Court to pay my tages. I am afraid that, go where I may, I shall be put in jail. I wish I could only find some good friend who would speak a good word for me, so that I might get off.

*Phantasmo.* There are strange goings-on at Court. Prince Hamlet is mad and Ophelia is mad too. In short, things go on so very queerly that I am almost ready to run away.

*Jens.* By all that's holy, there is my good old friend Phantasmo. No better man could I hit upon. I will ask him to say a good word for me. Holla! Master Phantasmo!

*Phantasmo.* Thanks! What can I do for you, Mister Clodhopper?

*Jens.* Ah, my good Master Phantasmo, 'tis a long time since I was at Court, and I am a long way behind-hand. Put in a good word for me, and I will send you an excellent cheese.

*Phantasmo.* What! Dost thou think, Master Clown, that I get nothing to eat at Court?

That hath in it no profit but the name  
 To pay fve duckets, fve I would not farne it ;  
 Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*  
 A rancker rate, fhould it befold in fee.

*Ham.* Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, it is already garisond.

*Ham.* Two thoufand foules, & twenty thoufand duckets  
 VVill not debate the queftion of this ftrow  
 This is th'Impoftume of much wealth and peace,  
 That inward breakes, and flowes no caufe without  
 Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you fir.

*Cap.* God buy you fir.

*Rof.* Wil't pleafe you goe my Lord?

*Ham.* Ile be with you ftraight, goe a little before.  
 How all occafions doe informe againft me,  
 And fpur my dull reuenge. What is a man  
 If his chiefe good and market of his time  
 Be but to fleepe and feede, a beaft, no more :  
 Sure he that made vs with fuch large difcourfe  
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not  
 That capabilitie and god-like reafon  
 To fuf in vs vnvd, now whether it be  
 Beftial obliuion, or fome crauen feruple  
 Of thinking too precifely on th' euent,  
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wifdom,  
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know  
 Why yet I liue to fay this thing's to doe,  
 Sith I haue caufe, and will, and strength and meanes,  
 To doo't; examples groffe as earth exhort me,  
 Witnes this Army of fuch maffe and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
 Whofe fpirit with diuine ambition pufte,  
 Makes mouthes at the invifible euent,  
 Exposing what is mortall, and vnfire,  
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,  
 Euen for an Egge-fhell. Rightly to be great,  
 Is not to ftirre without great argument,

*Jens.* O kind Master Phantasmo, pray do not forget me!

*Phantasmo.* Come along, Clodhopper. We'll see if we can put you right at the tax collector's. [Exit.

*Ophelia.* I run and run and cannot find my sweetheart. He has sent to me come to him. We are to be married; and I am dressed for it already. But there he is, my Love! Oh, my lambkin! I have sought you everywhere; everywhere have I sought you. But think, the tailor has spoilt my muslin gown. See, there is a pretty flower for you, my Heart!

*Phantasmo.* Oh, the Devil! I wish she were away. She takes me for her sweetheart.

*Ophelia.* What sayest thou, my Love? We will go to bed together. I will wash you quite clean.

*Phantasmo.* Aye, aye; I'll soap you and wash you and wring you out too.

*Ophelia.* Hark, my Love, hast thou already put on your fine suit? Aye. That is well made; quite in the latest style.

*Phantasmo.* I know that without—

*Ophelia.* Alack, alack! I had nearly forgotten. The King has invited me to supper, and I must make haste. My coach! my coach!

[Exit.

*Phantasmo.* O Hecate, thou Queen of witches, how glad I am that mad thing is off. If she had stayed any longer I should have been mad myself. I must get away before the madwoman comes again.

But greatly to find quarrell in a ftrow  
 When honour's at the ftake, how ftand I then  
 That haue a father kild, a mother ftaind,  
 Excytements of my reafon, and my blood,  
 And let all fleepe, while to my fhame I fee  
 The imminent death of twenty thoufand men,  
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame  
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the caufe,  
 Which is not tombe enough, and continent  
 To hide the flain, o from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

*Enter Horatio Gertrard, and a Gentleman.*

*Quee.* I will not fpeake with her,

*Gent.* Shee is importunat,

Indeede diftract, her moode will needes be pittied.

*Quee.* What would fhe haue?

*Gent.* She fpeakes much of her father, fayes fhe heares  
 There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,  
 Spurns enuioufly at ftrowes, fpeakes things in doubt  
 That carry but half fence, her fpeech is nothing,  
 Yet the vnfhaped vfe of it doth moue  
 The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,  
 And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,  
 Which as her wincks, and nods, and geftures yeeld them,  
 Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought  
 Though nothing fure, yet much vnfhappily.

*Hora.* Twere good fhe were fpoken with, for fhee may ftrew  
 Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,  
 Let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Quee.* 'To my ficke foule, as finnes true nature is,  
 'Each toy teemes prologue to fome great amiffe,  
 'So full of artlefe iealousie is guilt,  
 'It fpills its felfe, in fearing to be fpilt.

*Oph.* Where is the beautilous Maieftie of Denmarke?

*Quee.* How now *Ophelia*?

*fhe fings.*

*Phantasmo.* Going or standing, that daft maiden, that Ophelia, is after me at euery corner. I can get no peace. She fays I am her loue; and I am not. If I could but hide myfelf fomewhere where fhe could not find.

*Ophelia.* Where is my sweetheart? The rogue will not ftay with me. Goe away—but fee, there he is! Listen, my Lone, I haue been with the prielt, and he will marry vs this uery day. I haue made all ready for the wedding—chicken, hares, meat, butter, and cheefe—all bought. There is nothing now wanting but the muficians to play vs to bed.

*Phantasmo.* I can only fay Yes. Come, then, let's go to bed together.

*Ophelia.* No, no, my puppet, we muft firft go with one another to Church, and then we'll eat and drink and dance; that we will. We will be right merry!

*Phantasmo.* Aye, aye, right merry; three eating out of one difh.

*Ophelia.* What do you fay? If you won't haue me, I'll not haue you [*strikes him*]. Look yonder! That's my Lone there. He is making figns to me. See what a fine fuit of clothes he has. See, he is enticing me to him. He will throw me a lily and a rofe. He will take me in his arms. He is making figns to me. I am coming; I am coming.

[*Exit.*]

*Phantasmo.* At clofe quarters fhe is fimple, and at a fair diftance fhe's downright mad. I wifh fhe was hanged and then the carrion could not run after me fo.

[*Exit.*]



*Oph.* How should I your true loue know from another one,  
By his cockle hat and itaffe, and his Sendall floone

*Quee.* Alas fweet Lady, what imports this song

*Oph.* Say you, nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a graftgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.

O ho.

*Quee.* Nay but *Ophelia*.

*Oph.* Pray you marke. White his fhrowd as the mountaine snow.

*Enter King.*

*Quee.* Alas looke heere my Lord.

*Oph.* Larded all with fweet flowers,

Which beweept to the ground did not go.

*Song.*

With true loue flowers.

*King.* How doe you pretty Lady?

*Oph.* Well good dild you, they fay the Owle was a Bakers daughter,  
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.  
God be at your table.

*King.* Conceit vpon her Father.

*Oph.* Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you  
what it means, fay you this

To morrow is S. Valentines day.

*Song.*

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your valentine.

Then vp he rofe, and dond his clothes and dupt the chamber doore,  
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

*King.* Pretty *Ophelia*.

*Oph.* Indeede, without an oath Ile make an end on't.

By gis and by Saint Chartie,

alack and fie for fhame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.



Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,  
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder funne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot  
chuse but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my  
brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile.  
Come my Coach. God night Ladies, god night.

*King.* Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.  
O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all from her Fathers  
death, and now behold a *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*.  
When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,  
But in battalians; first her Father flaine,  
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author  
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied  
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whippers  
For good *Polonius* death: and we have done but greenly  
In huggen mugger to inter him: Poore *Ophelia*  
Deuided from herself, and her fair iudgment,  
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaust,  
Lapt, and as much contayning as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

*King.* We wish to find out how it goes with our son, Prince Hamlet, and whether the men whom we sent with him fellow-travellers have dealt honorably with him, even as we commanded.

*Phantasm.* News, Mister King! Fresh news!

*King.* What is it, Phantasm?

*Phantasm.* Leonhardus has come home from France.

*King.* That pleases us. Let him present himself.

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himfelfe in clowdes,  
 And wants not buzzers to infect his care  
 With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,  
 Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd,  
 Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne  
 In eare and eare: o my deare *Gertrard*, this  
 Like to a murdring peece in many places.  
 Giues me ſuperfluous death.

*A Noiſe within*

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*King.* Attend, where is my Swifſers, let them guard the doore.  
 What is the matter?

*Meſſen.* Saue yourſelfe my Lord.  
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt  
 Eares not the flats with more impitiuous haſt.  
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head  
 Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,  
 And as the world were now but to beginne,  
 Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,  
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,  
 The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be .King.  
 Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,  
*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

*Quee.* How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*  
 O this is counter your falſe Daniſh dogges.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

*King.* The doors are broke.

*Laer.* Where is this King? firſt ſtand you all without.

*All.* No lets come in.

*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.

*All.* We will, we will.

*Laer.* I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King.  
 Giue me my father.

*Quee.* Calmely good *Laertes*.

*Laer.* That drop of blood thats calme proclaims me Baſtard,  
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot  
 Euen here betweene the chaſt vnmirched browe



Of my true mother.

*King.* VVhat is the cause *Laertes*  
That thy rebellion lookes fo gyant like?

Let him goe *Gerthard*, doe not feare our perfon,  
There's fuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,  
That treafon can but peepe to what it would  
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*  
Why thou art thus incenft let him goe *Gertrard*.  
Speake man.

*Laer* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Quee.* Put not by him.

*King* Let him demaund his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead, I'l not be iugled with  
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeft deuill,  
Confcience and grace, to the profoundeft pit  
I dare damnation, to this poynt I ftand,  
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  
Let come what comes, only I'le be reueng'd,  
Moft thoroughly for my father,

*King.* Who fhall ftay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's:  
And for my meanes I'le husband them fo well,  
They fhall goe farre with little,

*King.* Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty.  
Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,  
That fooptake, you will draw both friend and foe  
Winner and loofer.

*Laer.* None but his enemies,

*King.* Will you know them then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes ,  
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican.  
Repast them with my blood.

*Leonhardus.* My gracious Lord and King, I demand of Your Majesty either my father or reuenge for his terrible murder. If this be not forthcoming I shall forget that you are King, and myself take my own reuenge on the murderer.

*King.* Leonhardus, be satisfied that we are guiltless of your father's death. Since Hamlet assassinated him behind the hangings, but we will see that he is punished for the deed.

*Leonhardus.* As Your Majesty is guiltless of my father's death, I fall on my knees and beg for pardon. My anger as well as loue for my father so ouercame me that I knew not what I did.

*King.* You are forgiven. We can easily belieue that it touches you nearly to haue lost your father so miserably. But rest satisfied—you shall find a father in ourselves.

*Leonhardus.* I thank you for this great act of royal kindness.

*Queen.* Gracious Lord and King, dearest husband, I bring you bad news.

*King.* What is it, my dearest soul?

*Queen.* My favorite maid-of-honour, Ophelia, runs up and down, and cries and screams, and eats nothing and drinks nothing. They say she has quite lost her wits.

*King.* Alas! one hears nothing else but sad and unhappy news.

*Ophelia.* See! there! you haue a flower; and you; and you. [*Gives each a flower.*] But what, what had I all but forgotten? I must run quick. I haue forgotten my jewels. Ah, my diadem. I must go at once to the Court jeweller, and ask what new fashions he has got. So, so; lay out the table quickly. I shall soon be back. [*Runs off.*]



*King.* Why now you speake  
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,  
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death.  
And am most fencible in griefs for it  
It fhall as leuvel to your judgment peare  
As day dooes to your eye

*A noyse within.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Laer.* Let her come in.  
How now, what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times falt  
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,  
By heauen thy madnes fhall be payd with weight  
Tell our scale turne the beame, O. Rose of May  
Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet *Ophelia*,  
O heauens, ift possible a young maids wits  
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

*Oph.* They bore him bare-faste on the Beere.  
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,  
Fare you well my Doue

*Song.*

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and did't perfwardereuenge  
It could not mooue thus.

*Oph.* You must fing a downe a downe,  
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it.  
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more then matter.

*Oph.* There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue  
remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for

*Leonhardus.* Am I, then, born to miseries of all sorts? My father is dead; my sister is mad. My heart is bursting with grief.

*King.* Leonhardus, be satisfied: now shall line first in our favour. But do you, dearest Queen, please to walk within with us, for we have secret tidings to reveal to you alone. Leonhardus, forget not what we have said to you.

*Queen.* My King, we must think of something by which this unfortunate maiden may be restored to her senses.

*King.* Let the case be laid before our own physician. But you, Leonhardus, follow us.

you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,  
 you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daffie, I would  
 giue you some Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed,  
 they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

*Laer.* Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe  
 She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

*Oph.* And wil a not come again, *Song.*  
 And wil a not come againe,  
 No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,  
 He neuer will come againe.  
 His beard was as white as snow,  
 Flaxen was his pole,  
 He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,  
 God a mercy on his foule, and of all Chriftians foules,  
 God by you.

*Laer.* Doe you this o God.

*King.* *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,  
 Or you deny me right, goe but apart,  
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
 And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,  
 If by direct, or by colaturall hand  
 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,  
 Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours  
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,  
 And we shall ioyntly labour with your foule  
 To giue it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so.  
 His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,  
 No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,  
 No noble right, nor formall ostentation,  
 Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,  
 That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall,  
 And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.  
 I pray you goe with me.

*Exeunt.*



*Enter King and Letters.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,  
And you must put me in your hart for friend,  
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,  
That he which hath your noble father flaine  
Pursued my life.

*Hamlet.* There's a pleasant place here on this island. We'll rest here awhile, and dine. There's a pleasant wood and cool stream of water. So bring me of the best from the ship; for here we'll enjoy ourselves.

*First Russian.* My Lord and Grace, this is no time for eating; for from this island you will never depart. Here is the spot which is chosen for your burial-ground.

*Hamlet.* What sayest thou, base slave? Knowest thou who I am? Would you pass jests on a Prince Royal? Howsoever, for this time, I forgive you.

*Second Russian.* It is no jest. It is downright earnest.

*Hamlet.* Why this? What injury have I ever done you? For my part I can think of none. Why, then, such bad intentions?

*First Russian.* It is our orders from the King, as soon as we get Your Highness on this island we are to take your life.

*Hamlet.* My dear friends, spare my life. Say that you have done your work; and so long as I live I will never come in sight of the King. Think well whether you do yourselves good by having on your hands the blood of an innocent Prince. Will you stain your consciences with my sins? Alas, that in an evil hour like this I have no weapon! If I had but something in my hands—

[*Makes an attempt to seize a sword.*]

*Second Russian.* Holla, comrade! Look out for your weapon.

*First Russian.* I'll look out. Now, Prince, prepare yourself. We have no time to lose.

*Hamlet.* Since it cannot be otherwise, and I must die at your hands at the bidding of a tyrannical King, I must submit, although I have done no wrong. And you, driven to the deed by power, I willingly forgive. My blood, however, must be answered for by the fratricide and parricide at the great day of judgment.

*First Russian.* What have we to do with the day of judgment? To-day is the day for our business.

*Second Russian.* True, brother! Let us get to work. Let us fire; you from one side and I on the other.

*Hamlet.* Hear me but for one word. Even the very worst of criminals would not be denied a time to repent in. I pray you, then, an innocent Prince as I am, to let me address to my Maker an earnest

*Enter Horatio and others.*

*Hora.* What are they that would speake with me?

*Gent.* Sea-faring men fir, they say they haue Letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. *Enter Saylers.*

*Say.* God bleffe you fir.

*Hora.* Let him bleffe thee to.

*Say.* A shall fir and please him, there's a Letter for you fir, it came fro th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor. Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fellowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chafe, finding our felues too flow of faile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the infant they got cleere of our fhyp, so I alone became theyr prifoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest fle death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rofencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

*So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.*

*Hor.* Come I will you way for these your letters,  
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.

*Exeunt.*

prayer; after this I am ready to die. But I will make a sign. I will turn my hands toward Heanen, and the moment I stretch out my arms you can fire. One of you aim on one side, and the other on the other; and when I say "Fire," give me what I need. Be sure to hit me so that I shall not suffer long.

*Second Russian.* Well, we may do as much as this for you; so go on.

*Hamlet* [*separates his hands from one another*]. Fire. [*Throws himself forward between the two, who shoot one another.*] O just Heanen, I thank you for this heavenly idea, and I will always reuerence the guardian angel who through this happy thought has saved my life! These wretches haue only what is due them. Ha! the dogs still move; they haue shot one another, but I will give the last stroke to my reuenge, and make sure: else the rogues may escape [*stabs them with their own swords*]. Now will I see whether they haue any secret with them. This one has nothing. On this murderer, howeuer, I find a letter which I will make free to read. This letter is written to an arch-murderer in England, that, in case this attempt fail, they should make me over to him, and he would just blow out the light of my life. The Gods stand by the just. Now will I return, to the terror of my father. But I will not trust any longer to water, for who knows but what the ship's captain may be a villain, too. I will go to the first station and take post. The sailors I will order back to Denmark. These rascals, howeuer, I will throw into the water. [*Exit.*]

*Phantasm.* Uncle, King, more news still!

*King.* What is your latest news?

*Phantasm.* Prince Hamlet has come back.



*Laer.* It well appeares: but tell mee  
Why you proceede not againſt theſe feates  
So criminal and ſo capitall in nature,  
As by your ſafetie, greatnes, wiſdome, all things els  
You mainely were ſtirr'd vp.

*King.* O for two ſpeciall reaſons  
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnfinnow'd,  
But yet to mee tha'r ſtrong, the Queene his mother  
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,  
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,  
She is ſo conſiue to my life and foule,  
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his ſphere  
I could not but by her, the other motiue,  
Why to a publique count I might not goe,  
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,  
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Worke like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,  
Conuert his Gines to graces, ſo that my arrowes  
Too flightly tymbered for ſo loued Arm'd,  
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,  
But not where I haue aym'd them.

*Laer.* And ſo haue I a noble father loſt,  
A ſiſter driuen into deſprat termes,  
Whoſe worth, if prayſes may goe backe againe  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

*King.* Breake not your ſleepes for that, you muſt not thinke  
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be ſhooke with danger,  
And thinke it paſtime, you ſhortly ſhall heare more,  
I loued your father, and we loue our ſelfe,  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

*Enter a Meſſenger with Letters.*

*Meſſen.* Theſe to your Maieſtie, this to the Queene;

*King.* From Hamlet, who brought them?

*Meſſ.* Saylers my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,

*King.* The Denil hov mean, not Prince Hamlet.

*Phantasm.* I mean Prince Hamlet, not the Denil.

*King.* Leonhardus, hear! Now hov can auenge hovr father's death, since the Prince has returned: but hov mvst promise ou hovr oath not to reneal it to any one.

*Phantasm.* Doubt me not, Your Majesty. That which Your Majesty reneals shall be kept as silent as if spoken to a stone.

*King.* We will get vp a fencing-match between hov and him. You shall fence with foils. The one who makes the first three hits wins a Neapolitan horse. But in the midst of the fencing let hovr foil drop, and take vp instead of it an unblunted weapon, which shall be made exactly like the foil and be ready to hovr hand. This hovr anoint with a strong poison: and as soon as hov shall have wounded him he will die. So will hov win both the prize and the King's favor.

*Leonhardus.* Your Majesty mvst excuse me. The Prince is a good fencer; he might turn my own weapon against me.

*King.* Leonhardus, don't hesitate to please hovr King and reneuge hovr father. As hovr fathers murderer the Prince deserves such a death. We, howener, cannot enforce the law against him, for his lady mother is a Queen, and my subjects love him much. Did we openly auenge ovrselves, there might easily be a rebellion. To shvn him both as stepson and kinsman is only an act of righteous justice; for he is murderous and mad, and we mvst for the future, enen on ovv account, be afraid of such a wicked man. Do then what we desire, and relieue hovr King of his fears, and hovrself take, in secret, a reuenge for hovr father's murder.

*Leonhardus.* It is a hard matter and one which I scarcely like: for should the matter get known, it would certainly cost me my life.

*King.* Do not hesitate. Should this fail we have thought of another trick. We will have an eastern diamond powdered fine, and

They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.  
High and mighty, you fhall know I am fet naked on your kingdom.  
to morrow fhall I begge leaue to fee your kingly eyes, when I fhall  
firft asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occafion of my fud-  
daine returne.

*King.* What fhould this meane, are all the reft come backe,  
Or is it fome abufe, and no fuch thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,  
And in a poftcript heere he fayes alone,  
Can you deuife me?

*Laer.* I am loft in it my Lord but let him come,  
It warmes the very ficknes in my hart  
That I liue and tell him to his teeth  
Thus didft thou.

*King.* If it be fo *Laertes*,  
As how fhould it be fo, how otherwise,  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* I my Lord, fo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine owne peace, if he be now returned  
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes  
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him  
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuife,  
Vnder the which he fhall not choofe but fall:  
And for his death no wind of blame fhall breathe,  
But euen his Mother fhall vncharge the practice,  
And call it accedent.

*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,  
The rather if you could deuife it fo  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right,  
You haue beene talkt of fince your trauaile much,  
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie  
Wherein they fay you fhine, your fumme of parts  
Did not together plucke fuch ennie from him



As did that one, and that in my regard  
Of the vnworthieft fiedge.

*Laer.* What part is that my Lord?

*King.* A very ribaud in the cap of youth,  
Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes  
The light and careleffe liuery that it weares  
Then fetled age, his fables, and his weedes  
Importing health and grauenes; two months fince  
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.  
I haue feene my felfe, and feru'd againft the French,  
And they can well on horfebacke, but this gallant  
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his feate,  
And to fuch wondrous dooing brought his horfe,  
As had he beene incorp't, and demy natur'd  
With the braue beaft, fo farre he topt me thought,  
That I in forgerie of fhapes and tricks  
Come fhort of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman waft?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Vppon my life *Lamord*.

*King.* The very fame.

*Laer.* I know him well, he is the brooch indeed  
And Iem of all the Nation.

*King.* He made confeffion of you,  
And gaue you fuch a mafterly report  
For art and exercife in your defence,  
And for your Rapier moft efpeciall,  
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed  
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation  
He fwore had neither motion, guard nor eye,  
If you oppofd them; fir this report of his  
Did Hamlet fo enuenom with his enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wifh and beg  
Your fodaine comming ore to play with you  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* *Laertes* was your father deare to you?



Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,  
A face without a hart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,  
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,  
And that I see in paffages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,  
There liues within the very flame of loue  
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodnes ftill,  
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,  
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
We fhould doe when we would: for this would change,  
And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,  
And then this fhould is like a spend thrifts figh,  
That hurts by eafing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,  
*Hamlet* comes back, what would you vndertake  
To fhowe your felfe indeede your fathers fonne  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his thraot i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeede fhould murther fanctuarife,  
Reuendge fhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, fhall knowe you are come home,  
Weele put on thofe fhall praife your excellence,  
And fet a double varnifh on the fame  
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together  
And wager ore your heads; he being remiffe,  
Moft generous, and free from all contriuing,  
Will not perufe the foyles, fo that with eafe,  
Or with a little fhuffling, you may choofe  
A fword vnbaded, and in a pace of praetife  
Requite him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doo't,

And for purpofe, Ile annoynt my fword.  
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck

when he is heated present it to him in a beaker mixed with wine and sugar. So shall he drink his death to our healths.

*Leonhardus.* Well, then, Your Highness, under this safeguard, I'll do the deed.

*Hamlet.* Unhappy Prince! how much longer shalt thou know no peace. How long, O just Remesis! before thou have sharpened thovr just sword of vengeance for my fratricide uncle? Hither have I come again, yet I cannot obtain my reuenge. The fratricide is surrounded by so many people. But I swear that, before the sun has again made his journey from east to west, I will work my reuenge on him.



So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,  
 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme of rare,  
 Collected from all fimples that haue vertue  
 Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death  
 That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point  
 With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly, it may be death.

*King.* Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes  
 May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,  
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
 Twere better not aftayd, therefore this proiect,  
 Should haue a back or fecond that might hold  
 If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,  
 Wee'le make a folemne wager on your cunnings,  
 I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,  
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
 And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prepared him  
 A Challice for the nonce, whereon but fipping,  
 If he by chaunce escape your venom'd ftuck,  
 Our purpose may hold there; but ftay, what noyfe?

*Enter Queene.*

*Quee.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
 So fast they follow; your Sifters drownd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drown'd, o where?

*Quee.* There is a Willow growes afcaunt the Brooke  
 That showes his hory leaues in the glaffy ftream,  
 Therewith fantaftique garlands did she make  
 Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daifies, and long Purples  
 That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name,  
 But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.  
 There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes



Clambring to hang, an enuious fliuer broke,  
 When downe her weedy trophies and her felfe  
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fpred wide,  
 And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,  
 Which time fhe chaunted fnatches of old landes,  
 As one incapable of her owne diftreffe,  
 Or like a creature natiue and indewed  
 Vnto that elament, but long it could not be  
 Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,  
 Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay  
 To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then fhe is drown'd.

*Quee.* Drownd, drownd.

*Laer.* Too much of water haft thou poore *Ophelia*,  
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
 It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,  
 Let fhame fay what it will, when thefe are gone,  
 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,  
 I haue a fpeech of fire that faine would blafe,  
 But that this folly drownes it.

*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*,  
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,  
 Now feare I this will giue it ftart againe,  
 Therefore lets follow.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Clowne.* Is fhee to be buried in Chriftian buriall, when fhe wilfully feeke her owne faluation?

*Other.* I tell thee fhe is, therefore make her graue ftraight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chriftian buriall.

*Clowne.* How can that be, vnleffe fhe drown'd herfelfe in her own defence.

*Other.* Why tis found fo.

*Clowne.* It muft be fo offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poyant, if I drowne my felfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; fhe drowned her felfe wittingly.



*Other.* Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

*Clowne.* Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himfelfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himfelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, fhortens not his owne life.

*Other.* But is this law?

*Clowne.* I marry i't. Crowners queft law.

*Other.* Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she fhould haue been buried out a chriſtian buriall.

*Clowne.* Why there thou fayſt, and the more pittie that great folke fhould haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang thefelues, more then theyr euen Chriſten: Come my fpade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profefſion.

*Other.* Was he a gentleman?

*Clowne.* A was the firſt that euer bore Armes.

He put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

*Other.* Goe to.

*Clow.* What is he that builds ſtronger then eyther the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

*Other.* The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thouſand tenants.

*Clowne.* I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to thoſe that do ill, nowe thou dooſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.



*Other.* Who buildes ftronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

*Clowne.* I tell me that and vnyoke.

*Other.* Marry now I can tell.

*Clowne.* Too't.

*Other.* Maſſe I cannot tell.

*Clow.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a graue-maker, the houſes hee makes laſts till Doomeſday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a ſoope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

*Song.*

Me thought it was very ſweet

To contract o the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* Has this fellowe no feeling of his buſines? a ſings in graue-making

*Hora.* Cuſtome hath made it in him a prôpertie of eaſines.

*Ham.* Tis een ſo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier

*Clow.* But age with his ſtealing ſteppes (fence *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath flipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been ſuch.

*Ham.* That ſkull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knaue ioweles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the firſt murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

*Hora.* It might my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could ſay good morrow ſweet lord, how dooſt thou ſweet lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praïſed my lord ſuch a ones horſe when a went to beg it, might it not?





*Hor.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Why een fo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextons fpade; heeres fine reuolution and we had the tricke to fee't, did thefe bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

*Clow.* A pickax and a fpade a fpade, *Song.*  
 for and a fhrowding fheet  
 O a pit of Clay for to be made  
 for fuch a gueft is meet.

*Ham.* There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quilities, his cafes, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he fuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the fconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchafes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will fcarcelly lye in this box, & muft th'inheritor himfelfe haue no more, ha.

*Hora.* Not a iot more my Lord.

*Ham.* Is not Parchmont made of fheepe-skinnes?

*Hora.* I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues which feeke out affurance in that, I wil fpeak to this fellow. Whofe graue's this firra?

*Clow.* Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

*Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.

*Clow.* You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours! for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dooft lie in't to be in't & fay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

*Clow.* Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dooft thou digge it for?

*Clow.* For no man fir

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clow.* For none neither

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?



*Clow.* One that was a woman fir, but reft her foule fhee's dead.

*Ham.* How abfolute the knaue is, we muft fpeake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the pefant coms fo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

*Clow.* Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laft king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraffe*.

*Ham.* How long is that fince?

*Clow.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very dry that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and fent into *England*.

*Ham.* I marry why was he fent into *England*?

*Clow.* Why becaufe a was mad: a fhall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*Clow.* Twill not be feene in him there, there the men are as mad

*Ham.* How came he mad? (as hee.

*Clow.* Very ftrangely they fay.

*Ham.* How ftrangely?

*Clow.* Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

*Ham.* Vpon what ground?

*Clow.* Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexton heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

*Clow.* Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-kie corfes, that will fcarce hold the laying in, a will laft you fom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*Clow.* Why fir, his hide is fo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorfon dead body, heer's a fcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

*Ham.* Whofe was it?

*Clow.* A whorfon mad fellowes it was, whofe do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay I know not.



*Clow.* A peſtilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame ſkull fir, was fir *Yoricks* ſkull, the Kings Ieſter.

*Ham.* This?

*Clow.* Een that.

*Ham.* Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and noſ how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lypes that I haue kiſt I know not how oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopſalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

*Hora.* What's that my Lord?

*Ham.* Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

*Hora.* Een ſo.

*Ham.* And ſmelt ſo pah.

*Hora.* Een ſo my Lord.

*Ham.* To what baſe vſes wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

*Hora.* Twere to confider too curiouſly to confider ſo.

*Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t'expell the waters ſlaw.

But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King,

The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?

And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,

The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand

*Enter, K. Q.*

*Laertes and*

*the corſe.*



Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,  
Couch we a while and marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremonie els?

*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremonie els?

*Doct.* Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd  
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,  
And but that great commaund ore-fwayes the order,  
She should in ground vnfanctified been lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,  
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:  
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,  
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and buriall.

*Laer.* Muft there no more be doone?

*Doct.* No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted foules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth.

And from her faire and vupolluted flesh,  
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,  
A ministring Angell shall my sister be  
When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What, the faire *Ophelia*.

*Quee.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'ft haue been my *Hamlets* wife,  
I though thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,  
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

*Laer.* O treble woe

Fall tenne times double on that curst head,  
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious fence  
Depriu'd thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyesh head





Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose griefe  
Beares such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow  
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I  
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The deuill take thy foule,

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand,

*King.* Pluck them a funder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame  
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantitie of loue  
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbear him.

*Ham.* S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:  
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,  
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocadile?  
Ile doo't, dooft come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground  
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone  
Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And this a while the fit will worke on him,  
Anon as patient as the female Doue

## SCENE III.

*Horatio.*

*Horatio.* My noble Prince, I am glad to see you back in good health. Pray, however, tell me why you have returned so soon.

*Hamlet.* Ah, Horatio, you have come near never seeing me again alive; for my life has been at stake; only the Almighty has specially protected me.

*Horatio.* What says Your Highness? Tell me about it.

*Hamlet.* Thou knowest that the King had given me two fellows as attendants and companions. Now it so happened that for two days we had contrary winds. So we had to anchor on an island near Dover. I went with my two companions from the ship to breathe the fresh air. Then came the cursed villains and would have had my life, and said that the King had hired them to kill me. I begged hard for my life, and promised them a handsome reward, and that, if they reported me to the King as dead, I would never go near the court again. But there was no mercy in them. At last, the Gods put a thought into my head: and I begged them that, before my death, I might make a prayer, and that when I cried „Fire“ they would fire from opposite sides at me. As I gave the word, I fell on the ground, and they shot one another. Thus I escaped with my life. My arrival, however, will be no good news to the King.

*Horatio.* O! unheard-of treachery!

When that her golden cuplets are disclosed  
His silence will fit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you fir,  
What is the reason that you vse me thus?  
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may  
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day.

*Exit Hamlet  
and Horatio*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him  
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Weele put the matter to the present push:  
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,  
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,  
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see  
Tell then in patience our proceeding be.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this fir, now shall you see the other,  
You doe remember all the circumstance,

*Hora.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay  
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,  
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,  
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well  
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs  
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Vp from my Cabin,  
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke  
Grop't I to find out them, had my desire.  
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold  
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold  
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*  
A royall knauery, an exact command  
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,



Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,  
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,  
That on the superuife no leasure bated,  
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,  
My head should be strooke off.

*Hora.* I't possible?

*Ham.* Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,  
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

*Hora.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villaines,  
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,  
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,  
Deuid a new commission, wrote it faire,  
I once did hold it as our statists doe,  
A baseneffe to write faire, and labourd much  
How to forget that learning, but fir now  
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know  
Th'effect of what I wrote?

*Hora.* I good my Lord.

*Ham.* An earnest coniuration from the King,  
As *England* was his faithfull tributary  
As loue between them like the palme might flourish,  
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare  
And stand a Comma tweene their ameties,  
And many such like, as fir of great charge,  
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,  
Without debatement further more or lesse,  
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,  
Not shriuing time alow'd.

*Hora.* How was this sealed?

*Ham.* Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,  
I had my fathers fignet in my purse  
Which was the modill of that Danish seale,  
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,  
Subscribe it, gau't th'impresion, plac'd it safely,  
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day  
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent

*King.* Prepare, Leonhardus. Prince Hamlet will soon be here.

*Leonhardus.* Your Majesty, I am already prepared, and I will, at least, do my best.

*King.* Look well to it! Here comes the Prince in good time.

*Hamlet.* Ah, Horatio, this fool is infinitely dearer to the King than I am.

*Phantasm.* Welcome home, Prince Hamlet! Knowest thou the news? The King has laid a wager on you and the young Leonhardus. You are to fight with foils; and he who makes the first three hits is to win a white Neapolitan horse.

*Hamlet.* Are you sure of this?

*Phantasm.* It is certainly as I say.

*Hamlet.* Horatio, what can this mean? I and Leonhardus to fight one another? I fancy they have told this fool something wonderful, for one can make him believe what one will. Look now, Signora Phantasm, it is terribly cold.

*Phantasm.* Ah, it is terribly cold. [*Shivers, with chattering teeth.*]

*Hamlet.* And now it is not so cold.

*Phantasm.* Ah, ah, it is just the happy medium.

*Hamlet.* But now it is very hot. [*Wipes his face.*]

*Phantasm.* O, what a terrible heat! [*Wipes away the perspiration.*]

*Hamlet.* And now it is neither hot nor cold.

*Phantasm.* Yes! it is now just temperate.

*Hamlet.* You see, Horatio, one can just make him believe what one will. Phantasm, go to the King and say that I will soon wait on him. [*Exit Phantasm.*]

*Hamlet.* Come, now, Horatio, I will go at once and present myself

Thou knowest already.

*Hora.* So *Guyldenfterne* and *Rofencraus* goe too't.

*Ham.* They are not neere my conscience, their defeat  
Dooes by their owne infinnuation growe,  
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Betweene the paffe and fell incenced points  
Of mighty oppofits.

*Hora.* Why what a King is this!

*Ham.* Dooes it not thinke, thee stand me now vpon?  
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,  
Pop't in betweene th' election and my hopes,  
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with such custnage, i't not perfect conscience?

*Enter a Courtier.*

*Cour.* Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you sir.  
Dooft know this water fly?

*Hora.* No my good Lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him.  
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his  
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a cough, but as I say, spacious  
in the possession of dirt.

*Cour.* Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should  
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

*Ham.* I will receaue it fir with all diligence of spirit, your bonnet  
to his right vse, tis for the head.

*Cour.* I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

*Cour.* It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

*Ham.* But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complexion.

*Cour.* Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultery, as t'were I cannot  
tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a has  
layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Cour.* Nay good my Lord for my case in good faith, fir here is

to the King. But what? What means this? My nose bleeds and my whole body quivers. [Faints.

Horatio. O noble Prince! Heavens! what means this? Be yourself again, my Lord. What ails you, my Lord?

Hamlet. I know not, Horatio. When the thought struck me of returning to the Court, a sudden faintness came over me. What this means the Gods only know.

Horatio. Ah, Heaven grant that this be no evil omen.

Hamlet. Be it what it may, I'll to the Court, even should it cost me my life. [Exit.



newly com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dole th' arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a foule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbage, nothing more.

*Cour.* Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Cour.* Sir.

*Hora.* If not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't sir really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

*Cour.* Of *Laertes*.

*Hora.* His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him sir.

*Cour.* I know you are not ignorant.

*Ham.* I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

*Cour.* You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

*Ham.* I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to knowe himselfe.

*Cour.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Cour.* Rapier and Dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons, but well.

*Cour.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poyuards, with their afsignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three



of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hora.* I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done.

*Cour.* The carriage fir are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our fides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, fix Barbary horſes againſt fix French ſwords their aſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

*Cour.* The King fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwer.

*Ham.* How if I anſwer no?

*Cour.* I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

*Ham.* Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

*Cour.* Shall I deliuer you ſo?

*Ham.* To this effect fir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

*Cour.* I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

*Ham.* Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

*Hora.* This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

*Ham.* A did fir with his dugge before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droffy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hifty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and tremmowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young



*Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he fends to know if your pleafure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

*Ham.* I am conftant to my purpofes, they followe the Kings pleafure if his fitnes fpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenfoeuer, provided I be fo able as now.

*Lord.* The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The Queene defires you to vfe fome gentle entertainment *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

*Ham.* Shee well inſtructs me.

*Hora.* You will loofe my Lord.

*Ham.* I doe not thinke fo, ſince he went into France, I haue bene in continuall praftife, I fhall winne at the ods; thou would'ft not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

*Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is ſuch a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

*Hora.* If your minde diflike any thing, obey it. I will forſtal their reapiere hether, and fay you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defie augury, there is ſpeciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readineſſe is all, ſince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what iſt to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cufhion,  
King, Queene, and all the ſtate, Fviles, daggers,  
and Laertes.*

*King.* Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Giue me your pardon fir, I haue done you wrong,  
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this prefence knowes,  
And you muſt needs haue heard, how I am punniſht  
With a fore diſtraction, what I haue done  
That might your nature, honor and exception  
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madneſſe,  
Waſt *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.



If *Hamlet* from himself be fane away,  
 And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,  
 Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,  
 Who dooes it then? his madneffe. Ift be so,  
*Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged,  
 His madneffe is poore *Hamlets* enemie,  
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,  
 Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts.  
 That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house.  
 And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am fatisfied in nature.  
 Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most  
 To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor  
 I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,  
 Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor  
 I haue a voyce and prefident of peace  
 To my name vngord: but all that time  
 I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,  
 And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager  
 franckly play.  
 Giue vs the foiles.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance  
 Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeft night  
 Stick fiery of indeed.

*Hamlet.* All health and happineſſe to your Maieſty!

*King.* We thank you, Prince! We are greatly rejoiced that your melancholy has ſomewhat diſappeared. Wherefore we have arranged a friendly conteſt between yourſelf and the young Leonhardus with foils, and the one who makes the firſt three hits ſhall have won a white Neapolitan horſe, with ſaddle-cloths and trappings to match.

*Hamlet.* Pardon me, Your Maieſty, I have had but little practice in foil; Leonhardus, howeuer, has juſt come from France, ſo that he is doubtleſſe in good practice. I pray, then, that for this reaſon you may excuſe me.

*King.* Do it, Prince Hamlet, to gratify vs; for we are curious to ſee what ſort of feints there are in Germany and France.

*Queen.* My gracious Lord and King, I have a terrible calamity to tell you of.

*King.* Heauen forbid! Go on!

*Queen.* Ophelia has gone to the top of ſa high hill, and has thrown herſelf down, and killed herſelf.

*Leonhardus.* Unfortunate Leonhardus! who haſt loſt within a brief ſpace both a father and a ſiſter. What more troubles are to come; I am weary enough of woe to die myſelf!

*King.* Be comforted, Leonhardus. We are gracious to you. Only begin the conteſt. Phantaſmo, bring the foils. Horatio ſhall be umpire.

*Phantaſmo.* Here is the warm beer.

*Hamlet.* Come on, Leonhardus; and let vs ſee which of vs is to fit the other with the fool's cap. Should I blunder, pray excuſe me, for it is long ſince I have handled foils.

*Leonhardus.* I am your ſervant if you are only jeſting, my Lord.

[The firſt bout they fight fairly. Leonhardus is hit.]

*Hamlet.* That's one, Leonhardus.

*Leonhardus.* True, your Highneſſe. Now for my reuenge [He drops his foil, and takes up the poiſoned ſword which lies ready, and giues the Prince a thruſt in carte in the arm. Hamlet parries, ſo that they both drop their weapons; each ſtoops to pick one up. Hamlet gets the poiſoned one, and wounds Leonhardus mortally.]

*Leonhardus.* Woe is me! I have had a mortal thruſt. I have been caught in my own denice. Heauen have mercy on me!



*Laer.* You mock me fir.

*Ham.* No by this hand.

*King.* Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cofin *Hamlet*,  
You knowe the wager.

*Ham.* Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker fide.

*King.* I doe not feare it, I haue feene you both,  
But fince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

*Laer.* This is to heauy: let me fee another.

*Ham.* This likes me well, thefe foiles haue all a length.

*Ostr.* I my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the ftoopes of wine vpon that table,  
If *Hamlet* giue the firft or fecond hit,  
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.  
The King fhall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,  
And in the cup an Vnice fhall he throwe,  
Richer then that which foure fucceſſive Kings  
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne; giue me the cups,  
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,  
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,  
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come begiune.  
And you the ludges beare a wary eye.

*Trumpets  
the while.*

*Ham.* Come on fir.

*Laer.* Come my Lord.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Iudgment.

*Ostrick.* A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and ſhot.*

*Laer.* Well, againe. *Floriſh, a peece goes off.*

*Hamlet.* What the Devil is this, Leonhardus? Have I wounded you with the foil? How can this be?

*King.* Go quick, and get my royal cup with some wine, so that the fencers may refresh themselves a little. Go, Phantasmo, and fetch it. [*Descends from the throne. Aside.*] I hope that they both drink of the wine and both die, that no one will know of this plot.

*Hamlet.* Tell me, Leonhardus! how did all this happen?

*Leonhardus.* Alas, Prince, I have been seduced into this misfortune by the King! See what you have in your hand! It is a poisoned sword.

*Hamlet.* O Heaven! what is this? Save me from it. -

*Leonhardus.* It was arranged that I wound you with it, for it is so strongly poisoned that the man who takes from it even a scratch, dies.

*King.* So, gentlemen! take this drink. [*While the King is rising from his chair and speaking these words, the Queen takes the cup out of Phantasmo's hand, and drinks. The King cries out.*] So, where is the cup? Alas, best of wines, what art thou doing? Its contents are deadly poison? Alas, alas, what hast thou done?

*Queen.* Alas, I am dying! [*The King stands before her.*

*Hamlet.* And thou, tyrant, shall accompany her in death.

[*Stabs him from behind.*

*King.* Woe is me! I am receiving my bad reward.

*Leonhardus.* Adieu, (sic) Prince Hamlet! Adieu, world! I am dying also. Ah, Prince pardon me!

*Hamlet.* May Heaven receive thy soul; for thou art guiltless. But as to this tyrant—let him wash himself of his black sins in Hell. Ah! Horatio, now is my soul at peace. I have revenged myself on my enemies. I, too, have taken a hit on my arm; but I hope it is not vital. I am sorry I have hit Leonhardus; though I know not how I got that accursed sword into my hand. But as the work so the wages. He has received his reward. Nothing afflicts me more than my Lady mother. Still, she, too, deserved this death for her sins. But who gave her the cup that has poisoned her? Tell me that?

*Phantasmo.* I, Prince. I also brought the poisoned sword; but the poisoned wine was to be drunk by yourself only.

*Hamlet.* Hast thou also been an instrument in all this misery? Then take your reward also! [*Stabs him mortally.*

*Phantasmo.* Stab away; and may the blade grow lame!

*King.* Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.  
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, fet it by a while  
Come, another hit.                      What say you?

*Laer.* I doe confest.

*King.* Our sonne fhall winne.

*Quee.* Hee's fat and fcant of breath.  
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,  
The *Queene* carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

*Quee.* I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

*Quee.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.

*King.* I doe not think't.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost againft my confcience.

*Ham.* Come for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally.

I pray you paffe with your best violence

I am fure you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you fo, come on.

*Ostr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

*King.* Part them, they are incenft.

*Ham.* Nay come againe.

*Ostr.* Look to the *Queene* there howe.

*Hora.* They bleed on both fides, how is it my Lord?

*Ostr.* How ift *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Why as a woodcock to mine owne fpringe *Ostrick*.  
I am iuftly kild with mine owne treachery.

*Ham.* How dooes the *Queene*?

*King.* Shee founds to fee them bleed.

*Quee.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deare *Hamlet*.  
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

*Ham.* O villanie, how let the doore be lock't.  
Treachery, feeke it out.

*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,



No medicin in the world can doe thee good,  
 In thee there is not halfe an houres life,  
 The treacherous infrument is in my hand  
 Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife  
 Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe heere I lie  
 Neuer to rife againe, thy mother's poynded,  
 I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

*Ham.* The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

*All.* Treaſon, treaſon.

*King.* O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Heare thou inceftious damned Dane,  
 Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?  
 Follow my mother

*Laer.* He is iuſtly ferued, it is a poyſon tempered by himſelfe,  
 Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet*.  
 Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,  
 Nor thine on me.

*Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;  
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.  
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance.  
 That are but mutes, or audience to this aſt.  
 Had I but time, as this fell fergeant Death.  
 Is ſtrict in his arreſt O I could tell you.  
 But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,  
 Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe a right  
 To the vnſatiſfied.

*Hora.* Neuer believe it;  
 I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,  
 Heere's yet ſome liquor left.

*Ham.* As th'art a man  
 Giue me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hate,  
 O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name  
 Things ſtanding thus vnknown, ſhall I leave behind me?  
 If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy hart,  
 Abſent thee from felicity a while,  
 And in this harſh world drawe they breath in paine  
 To tell my ſtory: what warlike notiſe is this?

*A marcha  
 farre off.*

*Hamlet.* Alas, Horatio, I fear that my revenge will cost me my life; for I am badly wounded in the arm. I am getting faint; my limbs become weak, my legs will not bear me; my voice fails; I feel the poison in all my limbs. I pray you, dear Horatio, to carry my crown to Norway, to my cousin, the Duke Fortenbras, so that the kingdom may not fall into other hands. Alas! I am dying.

*Horatio.* Alas, most noble Prince, thou may still look for aid! O Heaven, he is dying in my arms! What has this kingdom, for a length of time, not undergone from hard wars? Scarcely is there Peace, but internal disturbance, ambition, faction, and murder fill the land. No age of the world ever saw such terrific tragedies enacted as at this Court. I will, with the help of the faithful counsellors, make all preparations that these three high personages shall be interred according to their rank. Then will I at once make for Norway with the crown, and deliver it as this unfortunate Prince has commanded. So is it that when a Prince forces himself to the crown with cunning, and by treachery obtains the same, he himself experiences nothing but mere mockery and scorn. For even as the labour so is the reward.

A King who seizes the crown by treachery

Shall in the end have nothing for himself but scorn and mockery!

*Enter Ofrick.*

*Ofr.* Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,  
To th'embassadores of *England*, giues this warlike volly

*Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,  
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,  
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*.  
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights  
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,  
So tell him, with th' occurrants more and lesse  
Which haue folicited, the rest is silence.

*Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,  
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Why dooes the drum come hether?

*Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*For.* Where is this fight?

*Hora.* What is it you would see?  
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on hauock, o prou'd death  
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot  
So bloudily haft strook?

*Embas.* Tht fight is dismall  
And our affaires from *England* come too late,  
The eares are fencelesse that should giue vs hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,  
That *Rofencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,  
Where should we haue our thanks?

*Hora.* Not from his mouth  
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;  
He neuer gaue commandment for their death;  
But since so iump vpon this bloody question  
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*,  
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world  
How these things came about; so shall you heare

*FINIS.*





Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,  
 Of accidentall iudgments, carefull floghters,  
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause  
 And in this vpsshot, purpofes, mistooke,  
 Falne on th'inuenter's heads: all this can I  
 Truly deliuer.

*For.* Let vs haft to heare it.  
 And call the noblest to the audience,  
 For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,  
 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdom,  
 Which now to clame my vonage doth inuite me.

*Hora.* Of that I fhall haue also cause to speake,  
 And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,  
 But let this fame be presently perform'd  
 Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaft more mischance  
 On plots and errors happen.

*For.* Let foure Captaines  
 Bear *Hamlet* like a fouldier to the stage,  
 For he was likely, had he beene put on  
 To haue prooued most royall: and for his passage,  
 The fouldiers musicke and the right of warre  
 Speake loudly for him:  
 Take vp the bodies, such a fight as this,  
 Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amisse.  
 Goe bid the fouldiers shoote.

*Exeunt.*

**F I N I S.**





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